

The Nation.

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The Week.

We called attention, when Gen. Otis ordered the exclusion of the Chinese from the Philippine Islands, to the very grave consequences of such a step. These consequences are already beginning to appear. The Chinese Government has now delivered to our State Department an emphatic protest against this arbitrary act. It insists that it is a violation of international law and in derogation of existing treaties. It is certainly a violation of international comity, and in disregard, as this protest declares, of the friendly relations which have long been maintained between the two countries. It may be said that the form of the order simply extended the restraints on Chinese immigration into the United States to the Philippine Islands, and that this is proper because the Philippine Islands are a part of the United States. But that is an altogether erroneous view to take of the matter. If these islands are a part of the United States, a great many other laws would at once apply there which there is no pretence of applying. No customs duties, for instance, could be levied there except such as are uniformly levied throughout the United States. It is a case where all laws or none apply, and the order issued by Gen. Otis is simply an application of martial law; martial law consisting, according to the Duke of Wellington, in the will of the commanding officer for the time being. There was some talk of "military necessity"; but no explanation was offered of the nature of this necessity. There was no suggestion that the Chinese were giving aid and comfort to the insurgents, or that they were other than a desirable element in the population. The order was on its face unnecessary, barbarous, and insulting to the Chinese Government, and it ought to be rescinded and apologized for by our own.

We observe that the Imperialistic newspapers which have never allowed their readers to see the text of the remarks Gen. Lawton is said to have made on "this accursed war," insist that a recent semi-official denial of something else, which has been put out as coming through Gen. Schwan, applies to these utterances. Gen. Lawton's words were published under the signature of a chaplain in the army, who is also the pastor of a Congregationalist church in Somerville, Mass., and appeared in one of our leading religious newspapers, the *Congregationalist*. The character of the writer has never been called in question,

neither has the authenticity of the language he put into Gen. Lawton's mouth been denied. Two days after the interview was published, the authorities at Washington put out a cable message from Gen. Schwan, in which he said: "Lawton pronounces as utterly foundationless newspaper reports of interview asserting that he commented on military situation or criticised conduct of operations here." Whatever this denial may have referred to, it certainly did not cover the *Congregationalist* interview, for that contained not one word about the military situation or the conduct of operations. It referred entirely to the capabilities and character of the Filipinos, and took the general ground that "this accursed war" should be ended because all that the Filipinos demand is a "little justice." If it was a criticism of anything, it was the policy of the President, and not of the military operations at Manila. The Schwan message read like the denial of a charge, which had been made a few days earlier, that Gen. Lawton had criticised the conduct of his superior officer, Gen. Otis. We do not expect the Imperialistic press to give these facts to their readers, but they ought to be above resorting to the red herring.

Secretary Hay's letter to the Ohio Republicans is chiefly significant as a sign of the extreme trepidation of the Administration over the outlook in the President's own State. "What!" people will say, "is it as bad as that?" "Wanken auch die Berge?" the German Republicans will exclaim, seeing the party summoning even its "d—d literary fellers" to the rescue. Col. Hay as an economist must be a somewhat amusing figure even to himself; and his jaunty assumption that protective duties were designed to stimulate exports, and his assertion that high wages mean low cost of production, are enough to make orthodox protectionists faint away. What he says about the English "alliance," and friendly relations with foreign countries in general, is as true as it is trite; but we think it will hardly allay the noble rage of Irish-Americans, to which the Ohio Democrats are so artfully appealing, just as Col. Hay and his friend Blaine appealed to it in 1884. However, for one thing we must thank him, and that is his silence about the President's policy of subjugating the Filipinos. That, indeed, is a policy which can be supported, but, as we see, only in silence. Col. Hay must in particular have felt his hand stayed by his knowledge of what Lincoln said about the plea which McKinley makes for his conduct in the Philippines—that he is giving the natives as much self-government as they

are capable of. The private secretary of Lincoln must remember how that statesman declared such a plea to be that of an enslaver and tyrant; and the Secretary of State of McKinley cannot, out of sheer loyalty to the memory of his former chief, defend what his present chief is doing. We must also praise Col. Hay's judicious silence about the President's betrayal of civil-service reform. The Ohio Republicans lauded McKinley for this, but the Secretary of State stands dumb before it, leaving the rôle of official apologist to Mr. Gage. It is possible that the Hon. John Hay of the State Department feared that somebody might recall, and apply to him, what the author John Hay wrote of Spanish public men:

"There is a lack of principle in the higher walks of government. It is not so much dishonesty as it is a total absence of conscience in political matters. . . . They have a brow of bronze when detected and exposed in a misrepresentation."

Ex-Speaker Reed, being now a private citizen, feels free to express his mind about the President's Philippine policy. When Mr. Reed arrived in this city a few weeks ago, he declined to express any other view about the war than this: "I believe in the Declaration of Independence." In his letter of farewell to his constituents he now says: "Whatever may happen, I am sure that the First Maine District will always be true to the principles of liberty, self-government, and the rights of man." These sentiments are distinctly "treasonable," but we should think that the spectacle of a man whom Republicans have so long hailed as the best brain of the party, now giving up public life as the strongest possible protest against the mad course of the Administration, would open some blind eyes. With Senator Hoar speaking peculiarly for the conscience of the Republican party, and Mr. Reed for its intellect, both in revolt, the time for old-fashioned Republicans to ask whither they are drifting has plainly come. And this is but one of many signs that the elements of a terrible reaction against McKinley are gathering.

The speech with which, Fred E. White, Democratic candidate for Governor of Iowa, opened his canvass at Davenport on Thursday, is highly significant of the drift of political discussion. In the last previous campaign the Iowa Democrats put the financial issue to the front, and the party's stump-speakers devoted themselves to the silver question. Now their gubernatorial nominee makes a speech almost entirely confined to the issues of Trusts and imperialism, "leaving the subject of finances almost un-

touched." As to Trusts, Mr. White would remove one cause for their existence by "repealing the Trust-fostering part of the tariff," and another by bringing about Government ownership of railroads. But, important as he considers the question of Trusts, he declared that the "issue of imperialism, from the very nature of the case, in view of the momentous consequences which must immediately and necessarily begin to follow, has become so transcendently important that we are safe in saying it sweeps temporarily aside all other questions." Mr. White meets this issue clearly and boldly, putting the question before the voters in this pointed way:

"If any man wants to endorse the McKinley policy of 'Criminal Aggression,' he can so declare by voting a Republican ticket, for that party is its select and special champion. Whoever wants an end put to the continuance of this crime can also so declare, but he must cast a Democratic ballot, for that party stands in eternal hostility to imperialism and all it implies."

The new commander of the Grand Army makes it plain at the start that he will do everything in his power to help on the movement for the greatest recklessness in pension appropriations. Upon his return to his home in Watertown, N. Y., Col. Shaw made a speech in which he outlined his "policy," saying that a great deal of his time will be given to pension legislation, declaring that "the old soldier is entitled to lasting consideration," asking, "What if the pension roll is large?" and answering his question with the argument that "the old soldiers saved this nation," and that "their reward should be commensurate with their services." Finally, he showed that no considerations of governmental economy or of a deficit in the national Treasury will weigh with the Grand Army machine, saying further:

"If the burden should prove too heavy, I am in favor of a patriot pension bond issue, so that only the interest would have to be met from year to year. Let posterity meet the bonds when they mature. Why not? The country was saved to posterity. It is only proper that a part of the burden should fall on posterity."

This suggestion is interesting not only in itself, for its bearing upon an important feature of the governmental policy, but also for the proof which it furnishes of a growing sentiment in favor of the nation's running in debt for its ordinary expenses, and leaving it for "posterity" in the twentieth century to pay a part of the burden incurred by the United States during the closing years of the nineteenth century. It is such an easy thing to raise money by selling Government bonds that people are more and more ready to see this device for meeting current bills employed rather than to insist upon economy in administration and new taxes, if necessary to meet

the cost of an economical administration. Expenditures exceeded receipts by nearly \$90,000,000 during the fiscal year ending with the 30th of last June, but what of it? There was plenty of money in the Treasury to meet all bills as they fell due, was there not? More money can be obtained in the same way, can it not? Posterity is going to share in the profits to come from the war in the Philippines, is it not? Why should not posterity foot part of the bills?

"Senatorial courtesy" is what Quay depends upon to secure him his old seat next winter, upon the appointment of Gov. Stone, according to his colleague and creature, Senator Penrose. Mr. Penrose was in Washington last week, and "talked freely" on the subject, manifesting the greatest confidence in Quay's success. He says that Quay will be asking recognition of old friends, and that consequently his case will stand on a very different footing from that of other claimants to seats upon gubernatorial appointments who came to Washington without friends or influence in the body which was to pass upon their credentials. Ex-State Senator Andrews, a devoted follower of Quay, professes even greater confidence than Penrose, declaring that "from personal knowledge" he is positive that the Senate will seat Quay. It is evident that the friends of the Pennsylvania boss have been making a canvass of the Senate, and that the results encourage them. It cannot be said that their confidence is unjustifiable, for nobody who is familiar with the character of the Senate will be surprised to see it disregard the precedent which it made in the last Congress, when the appointee of Oregon's Governor was refused admission by a large majority.

Illinois continues to pay the penalty of having elected to the governorship three years ago a demagogue who has no respect for justice or law. Last fall a strike broke out among the white miners of Pana, in Christian County, near the centre of the State, and the operators brought in blacks from Alabama, as they had a perfect right to do under the laws of Illinois and the Constitution of the United States. The Governor refused to protect these colored citizens in their right to earn a living, issued orders that "under no circumstances should any negro from another State be allowed to enter Pana," and announced that he would "blow to pieces" with Gatling guns "any such body of laborers who might thereafter try to enter Illinois. State troops were sent to Pana, very tardily, to preserve order, but their commander, taking his cue from the Governor, declared that "if I lose every man under my command, no negroes shall land in Pana." Tanner enjoined the troops that they were "under no con-

sideration to assist the mine-owners in operating mines with imported labor," and the natural consequence was disorder, rioting, and abuse of the blacks by the whites for a long period. More recently a strike broke out among the white miners of Cartersville, in Williamson County, in the southern part of the State, and here, too, blacks were brought in from the South. The same troubles occurred at Cartersville as at Pana, and at last troops were sent there to restore order, but they were withdrawn last week before they could prudently be spared, and on Sunday there was a bloody riot, in which five blacks were killed.

Even Tanner seems at last to have been sobered by the bloody outbreak, and to realize what a reproach it is to Abraham Lincoln's State that black citizens of the United States are killed for the offence of seeking work at wages which suit them. In a statement which he gave out on Sunday night, the Governor expressed some very proper sentiments, as that "this is a blot on the fair name of the commonwealth of Illinois," and that "the people of Cartersville, and especially of Williamson County, should use every means possible, and that vigorously, to bring the parties guilty of this wholesale murder to speedy justice." In their efforts to do so he promised "the coöperation of the State, and the whole National Guard, if necessary, to bring about the arrest and conviction of these parties, and the restoration of peace and good order in the county." This is all very well, but the man primarily responsible for the riot at Cartersville is the law-breaking Governor, who was, very properly, indicted by the grand jury last December for "wilful neglect of duty as an officer," in not taking the action required of him by law and by his oath of office to prevent rioting which should not have occurred, and need not have occurred if he had discharged his obligations as executive.

Mr. Holahan, who is the Croker President of the Board of Public Improvements, revealed the connecting link between Tammany and the Republican "organization" in the Ramapo job when he testified on Friday that Lauterbach was the man who first called his attention to the matter; that Lauterbach "hounded" him for months about the contract; that Lauterbach sent him the contract first; that he and Lauterbach agreed upon the price that the city should pay, and that the contract which Holahan tried to "jam through" the Board of Public Improvements was the one that Lauterbach arranged and approved. Holahan could not explain why Lauterbach had gone over the head of Dalton, who was Commissioner of Water Supply, and had come direct to him, but that's "an easy one." Holahan

stands much closer to Croker than Dalton, and as President of the Board has greater power as a jammer. The Comptroller declares that Holahan said to him, before the Board voted on the contract, that he had the necessary votes and would "jam it through." Lauterbach is no amateur as a Platt-Tammany go-between. He has never concealed his friendliness for Tammany. He disclosed with great frankness, in the spring of 1897, when he was at the head of the local Platt machine, the programme which Platt followed later with Tracy's candidacy. He said then that rather than see non-partisan ideas triumph in the election, he and his associates would turn the city over to Tammany. During Mayor Gilroy's administration, Lauterbach was able to have his son employed as one of Col. Fellows's assistants in the District Attorney's office. If there was to be a Republican-Tammany "deal" in Ramapo, he would be the natural expert selected on the Republican side to arrange it, and Holahan would be the most natural person to act in a similar capacity on the other.

Mr. Platt's Quigg is an entertaining person on nearly all occasions, but never more so than when he gets upon high moral ground. He is much pained because the Citizens' Union declines to "confer" with him, especially with a view to the renomination of Mr. Mazet, and remarks: "I have been going on the assumption that we all regarded Tammany Hall as something in the nature of a semi-criminal conspiracy against the public welfare rather than as a legitimate political organization, and that a campaign against Tammany Hall and for the election of men nominated by the Union and by the Republican party, acting together, and nominated solely for their known ability and integrity, would be a task to which the Citizens' Union could devote itself without any compromise of its principles." Why did not Quigg proceeded on this "assumption" in 1897? Why did he, acting under Platt's orders, exert successfully the whole power of the Republican organization to turn the city of New York over to this "semi-criminal conspiracy against the public welfare"? Does he really think that his organization is any better than Tammany's, any less criminal? Has he forgotten what Cornelius Bliss said about it in 1896: "An organization based upon such wholesale frauds cannot command the confidence of the Republican party, nor of the public; honest Republicans cannot support it, nor is there any basis on which they can coöperate with the men who have secured control of it by means of frauds which they refuse to undo"? Quigg was the "head devil" in these frauds. The reputation which he earned then he strengthened a year later, when he made Van Wyck's election sure.

The prompt pardon of Capt. Dreyfus is, of course, an official confession by France that the verdict of the Rennes court-martial was of no real weight, either in law or in morals. Nothing that has been said by foreigners in condemnation of the majority of the court is so severe in effect as this action by the French Government. It is tantamount to proclaiming Dreyfus innocent and his judges guilty. Yet the decision will be accepted quietly in France. The army will feel that it has been already sufficiently "vindicated"; and the public will be glad to let the whole matter drop. From a mere political point of view, the solution is doubtless a happy one, as both parties to the long and fierce quarrel will now claim a victory. But, morally, the affair has a bad look, having all the marks of an adjustment agreed upon in advance. Instead of *chose jugée*, we have *chose préparée*, otherwise known as *coup monté*.

War between England and the Transvaal is now freely predicted, though not by any one in responsible position in either country. The English press is almost unanimous for war, but that, luckily, does not prove that there will be a war. In the crisis with France a year ago, over Fashoda, the newspapers were as certain that there would be hostilities; the fleets were mobilized; war risks were demanded on shipping; everything looked as squally as it does now; yet Lord Salisbury suddenly appeared with a peaceful settlement of the whole dispute in his hand. That he will, if humanly possible, find some similar way out of the present *impasse*, there is every reason to believe. At any rate, it is folly to contend, as some of the more headlong newspapers are doing, that diplomacy has been exhausted. The fact that the negotiators on both sides have done a good deal of fencing and finessing, altering their proposals and their demands from time to time, only shows that they have been playing the diplomatic game in its full rigor, and does not at all argue that they are bent on an ultimate rupture and that the case is hopeless. This moment of irritation and suspicion and wrangling over details is the very one for some comprehensive plan of settlement to be urged and accepted.

As the matter stands, it is clear that there is no sound reason for war, and an irrational war is a crime. The latest Transvaal answer alleges that its offers of August 19 and 21 were made only on the assurance of the British agent at Pretoria that they would be accepted by her Majesty's Government. Yet they were refused as "insulting." The reply also asserts that the Transvaal Government was "assured by Mr. Chamberlain" that the proposals made would

not be considered by him a refusal of his terms. Now, England cannot go to war with such a charge of trickery on the part of her agents unrefuted. Whatever the exact truth about this, we have only to revert to the text of Sir Alfred Milner's account of the Bloemfontein conference last May, to see that Krüger has since offered all that was then demanded, and, moreover, that the coupling of a new assertion of Transvaal independence with the franchise concessions was practically a suggestion of Sir Alfred's. He said to Krüger that a change of policy towards the Outlanders would "strengthen the independence of the republic," and in his own detailed scheme of franchise reform he distinctly specified that the new citizens were to take oath to "defend the independence of the country." Yet when this was put by Krüger in his official proposals to the British Government, it was declared quite inadmissible. Undoubtedly he is a shrewd and obstinate old gentleman, who means to mark every point in the diplomatic game, and prove himself a hard hand at a bargain; but he has, as far as the official documents show, made out a good case for his charge that England has been evasive and has been steadily increasing her demands.

Mr. Bourke Cockran has written a letter to President McKinley, suggesting that he should proffer the friendly mediation of our Government in the controversy between England and the Transvaal Republic. The consequences of such a war, Mr. Cockran observes, might be disastrous to all Christendom. The assertion by one country of a right to prescribe the electoral franchise in another country admittedly independent, he continues, is an act of "criminal aggression." Here Mr. Cockran, we apprehend, shows that he is not altogether sincere in claiming that his suggestions are prompted solely by a regard for the welfare of humanity and the true glory of our flag. He reminds us painfully of our lost vantage-ground. A few years ago we might have offered to mediate, and while there would have been good reasons why England should decline the offer, it would have been a creditable act on our part. But such an offer would be now regarded as little less than impudent. We are engaged in reducing a remote people to subjection, and any offer of mediation by another Power would be extremely offensive to our Government. For the present, at least, the prospect for mediations and arbitrations is dark enough, and the great opportunity which we should have had for throwing our influence in favor of peace and disarmament at The Hague Conference has been lost. It will be a little awkward for some time yet to air our sympathy for "oppressed peoples," and until we are disposed to accept mediation we need not talk of proffering it.

THE NEGLECTED DUTY.

President Schurman chose the psychologic moment for his important public statement of the Philippines situation and the Philippine duty. On the one hand, the country had been startled by President McKinley's proclamation of the policy of blood. "No useless parley," was the stark announcement of his Pittsburgh speech. But, on the other hand, evidence had been rapidly and overwhelmingly accumulating that McKinley's Philippine policy had been one long miserable mistake, and that his plan of merciless extermination was the crowning blunder, as it was the culminating cruelty. Dewey's voice had been heard in opposition; he would have the violence "cease at once." Lawton's horrified protest had reached the United States: "Stop this accursed war"; all that the Filipinos want is "justice." A great revulsion of feeling was already setting in; the sober second thought was beginning to assert itself; American love of fair play and justice was making itself heard in ever clearer and stronger tones. At this critical juncture President Schurman steps in.

We know nothing of the motives which led him to speak out, but suppose them to have been simply a sense of duty to himself and to the public. As an educated man who had accepted a difficult and thankless task in going to the Philippines, he was in honor bound to rebuke the ignorant ranters who go about, like Gov. Roosevelt, denouncing the Filipinos as "savages." President Schurman has clapped an extinguisher on that flaming nonsense. He ranges himself alongside Dewey and Lawton and the naval officers who have travelled in the interior, and speaks emphatically of his "confidence in the people of the Philippine Islands" and of his "sympathy for their aspirations." Like a sensible man, he judges the natives by their best representatives, not their worst, and declares that "an educated Filipino, of whatever tribe, will bear comparison with an educated man of any other race." Mr. Schurman's account of present conditions in the islands seems to us eminently fair, except that he probably does not allow enough for the changes for the worse in the situation since he came away. The dislike and distrust which he notes as existing among the tribes nominally at peace, have in many cases passed into positive hatred and open hostility. But his statement nails so many lies of the McKinleyite press that we cannot but hail it as a great public service, destined to have a profound effect on the opinion of the country.

We are very well aware that the alarmed and desperate imperialists will seize upon President Schurman's expression, "National honor will not permit us to turn back," and claim it as an

endorsement of the policy of blood. But we shall take the liberty to interpret his meaning to be that we are not to "turn back" from the path of an honorable, and rational, and peaceful, and American solution of the problem we have on our hands in the Philippines. "Is there anything to do but fight it out?" President Schurman was specifically asked by his interviewer. Yes. Let Congress step in and declare the national intention respecting the form of government to be set up in the islands. This is his answer. In place of blind, brute force, let there be reason, consideration, the immediate grant of home rule. He does not explicitly say that he is against the McKinley policy of blood, but all the indications of his interview look that way. He has gone as far as he could without showing open disrespect for the President, whose commission he still holds.

But to our minds the most pregnant remark in the whole statement is the suggestion that Congress speedily intervene. Why does not the President call an extra session? He is in an extraordinary position. He is carrying on a war which is every day assuming larger proportions, and has never deigned to ask Congress either for authority to do it or for some alternative legislation. This is an unprecedented thing for any President to do, and Mr. McKinley is under a special obligation not to do it. He has publicly bound himself to be guided by Congress in this whole matter, and yet he has not asked for guidance—so far as in him lies, has made it impossible for Congress to guide him. He has refused it information. He has hastened its adjournment. In this alarming crisis he does not summon it to Washington. All this, we say, is in the teeth of his implied promises in his Boston speech last February. He then confessed his own ignorance and uncertainty. "I know no one at this hour who is wise enough or sufficiently informed to determine what form of government will best subserve their interests and our interests." But there was one fountain of wisdom: "The whole subject is now with Congress." This from the man who never asked Congress to help him, and does not now invoke its aid, though the situation is a thousand times worse than it was last February! "Until Congress shall direct otherwise," Mr. McKinley said he would do—what? Ravage the islands? Fill them with graves? Go ahead like Genghis Khan with "no useless parley"? Not at all. His pledge then was simply to "possess and hold the Philippines," and to make the people feel that "we are their friends, not their enemies." Launching an army of 60,000 men against them, with orders to allow no "parley or pause," is a fine token of friendship—a very "friendship's garland"!

We do not say that McKinley has done all this without warrant in law, but he

has certainly done it without the sanction of the American people, and absolutely without consulting their representatives in Congress. Yet if ever there was a man marked by nature as in need of advice, plenty of it and laid on thick and strong, it is William McKinley. If it were a question of picking out a man to deal with a matter of world-politics like this Philippine business, he and his Canton crony, Judge Day, would have been selected last. Yet these are the two men who have got us into our Philippine mess. Both of them parochial politicians, and proud of it; neither of them ever having been abroad, or having any acquaintance with foreign politics, or knowing so much as a foreign language, they plunged us into an interminable war of conquest, seven thousand miles from home, and have never said to Congress, "By your leave"! This is the really astounding feature of the situation. Here is a President who, by nature and habit, calls aloud for advice. His mind is always made up for him by others. He professes to be the slave of Congress, yet he lets a general or two and a civilian Secretary of War form his bloody determination to subdue the Filipinos at any cost, and never asks the opinion of the representatives of the people. This anomalous condition should not be prolonged. If Mr. McKinley had any just sense of his duty and any regard for his plighted word, he would call Congress together at the earliest possible day, and turn over to its free discussion and final decision the great problem of the Philippines, which so vitally concerns our national honor and safety, and which he has shown himself totally unable to solve.

THE CONFERENCE ON TRUSTS.

Perhaps the most significant act of the conference which has just closed its session at Chicago was its refusal to adopt any resolutions. A meeting of English-speaking people that not only does not adopt, but does not even consider, a set of resolutions, is an anomaly. Every boys' club that debates the question whether Cæsar or Alexander was the greater general, or whether aristocracy or monarchy is the better form of government, closes the discussion with a vote, and it is certainly on its face surprising that, after so many expressions of opinion as took place at Chicago, on the part of individuals, no collective judgment was pronounced.

This omission was, of course, due to the desire of the managers of the conference to avoid violent controversy and political entanglement. No matter what resolutions were introduced, they would have aroused excited discussion and party antagonism. Had the resolutions offered been temperate in tone, the radical element would have voted them down

and substituted violent ones, or else have seceded and passed such resolutions as suited themselves; and the conservative element, was, of course, unwilling to endorse rank Populism. But a more effective reason for silence on the part of the conference was really the fact that there was nothing to resolve. A very large number of opinions were expressed and a very small number of facts were presented. There was very little attempt to define the problem in a really scientific way. There was no recognition of the fact that the labor-unions, delegates from which were present, avowedly represented combination for the purpose of suppressing competition. While the conference was in session, a Chicago labor-union was in the act of putting a stop to laying the corner-stone of the new post-office because it was dressed by free laborers, and was insisting that the President of the United States should not be allowed to officiate unless he joined the union. Nor was there any recognition of the fact that coöperation, among farmers, for instance, means forcing feeble competitors to the wall. Few individual farmers can succeed in the dairy industry against the competition of the creameries. They must join the combination or go out of business, and this illustrates the conditions which govern modern productive enterprise.

The same lack of definite ideas and precise knowledge appeared in the presentation of the evils of combinations. The complaints made were to a great extent the complaints made more than a hundred years ago and judicially passed upon by Adam Smith. These combinations, it was charged by some speakers, raised prices arbitrarily and depressed them arbitrarily. But these speakers did not specify when and where. They knew how, as Burke did not, to frame an indictment against a whole class, but they did not know how to make specific charges that could be sustained or refuted by evidence. There is a book called 'Wealth Against Commonwealth,' which is directed against monopolies. It is filled with most frightful accusations, and it has no doubt made a great impression on the public mind. But many of its charges are improbable, if not false, on their face, and none of them is established by sufficient evidence to sustain a verdict by a jury. If the speakers at Chicago had bethought themselves to lay a foundation of facts, scientifically established, for their theories, they would have accomplished more than they did. As it was, they did little more than reiterate current complaints and propose traditional remedies.

It was not surprising that Mr. Bryan should get beyond his depth in his attempt to grapple with the problem. For once he was obliged to give his audience something more than glowing pe-

riods and unctuous eloquence. On this occasion he was forced to say what he would do to cure the evils that he had so fiercely denounced, and he was unable to propose a single positive and practical measure. There must be more legislation, of course—that is the great remedy for all evils in the political philosophy of every demagogue. Mr. Bryan said that many factories were closed, and stood as silent monuments to the wisdom of the Trust system. But he did not say that these factories should be operated at a loss, or outline the statute which should open them. He said that when a monopoly became complete it would reduce wages, and that brains would be at a discount. He offered no proof of this and suggested no law to prevent it. He had a capital chance to make a really effective attack on the protective tariff, and then facts were at his command, and the required legislation could have been specified. But he has no conception of what free trade means, and he wasted his opportunity. All that he proposed was additional legislation by the State Legislatures and by Congress, which should destroy monopolies; but how this legislation was to be framed he did not tell his audience, and it is safe to say that he could not. A bureau for issuing licenses to corporations might be an excellent device; but to hold that such a bureau would control the tendency to combination is a theory that needs evidence to support it.

The unpractical character of Mr. Bryan's theories was exposed by Mr. Cockran. Nothing frightened people so much, he said, as an incomprehensible noise, and that is what the outcry against Trusts commonly amounts to. Does any one propose to do away with competition? Of course not. Then somebody must succeed in it. It is absurd to place restraints on excellence, if you want excellence. Excellency is monopoly, and so soon as excellency declines, monopoly yields again to competition. These are familiar propositions, but they must be kept before the attention of the public while measures intended to restrict combination are under discussion. If people can once comprehend that in industrial life competition means underselling, they will be suspicious of laws directed against the practice of underselling by large corporations. In spite of the Chicago conference, we are a long way yet from any intelligent legislation on the subjects which it discussed.

BOSS TYRIUSVE.

Mr. Platt's ingenuous son, who was before the Mazet Committee on Wednesday week, had every reason to be pleased with the courteous, even deferential, treatment which was accorded to him. The committee, with a single exception,

clearly recognized him as the direct representative of a great power, and were determined that nothing should occur to cause him or the power unpleasantness. Even Mr. Moss was under this spell. He asked the son only a few perfectly proper questions about the Platt family law firm's relations with Ramapo, and the young man would have emerged from the court-room in serene consciousness of triumph had not a Tammany member of the committee disturbed the dignified calm of the occasion by asking some rather impertinent questions. By the time these had been answered, some extremely valuable light had been thrown upon leading branches of the boss business as it is carried on in the Platt family.

It was noticeable that, carefully as Mr. Moss had proceeded in his few questions, he had disclosed several fleeting glimpses of Platt coat-tails disappearing around corners in the immediate vicinity of the Ramapo scandal. Gen. Tracy had joined the Platt family law firm in 1889, and he brought into the firm some "trifling matters connected with the Ramapo title." In 1895, when the Ramapo bill had been passed through the Legislature and was before Gov. Morton for approval, "an officer of the Ramapo Company came to our [the Platt] firm and asked to have us go to Albany, see Gov. Morton, and secure his approval. Mr. Soley was delegated to go to Albany to do that work. He did so, and we received \$250 for it." Gen. Tracy was then President of the Ramapo Company. The young man had seen it so stated in the newspapers. How much Ramapo stock Gen. Tracy owns, or how much salary he received while President of the company, the young man did not know. He was quite sure, however, that he himself had never owned any stock. In line with this testimony, and tending to strengthen the connection between the firm of Tracy, Boardman & Platt and the Ramapo Company, was the statement made subsequently by another witness, Alfred T. White, formerly Commissioner of Public Works in Brooklyn, that in 1894—five years after Gen. Tracy joined the Platt family firm—Gen. Tracy called upon him and asked him if he was ready to receive a proposition from a private company (understood to be the Ramapo) to furnish water to the city. It is a great pity that Gen. Tracy is in Paris and cannot tell us the full extent of his connection with Ramapo, and the full details of all the "trifling matters" connected therewith that he took into the Platt family firm.

The most interesting information that Mr. Hoffman, the Tammany member, elicited from young Mr. Platt was that in reference to the Platt Family Surety Company, the second branch of the boss family business. This business was set up in 1895, when the Old Man had secured full possession of the State govern-

ment, and the time had arrived to improve opportunities. A special law was passed, under the direct guidance of the boss. "I went to Albany," says the young man proudly, and got the law changed, "in order that the business might be started." It was started, with a younger brother as vice-president and manager, and "we have made money out of it." What salary does your brother receive? "That's none of your business." How much stock do you own in the company? "That's none of your business." Then came this voluntary statement, which the young man clearly regarded as a "settler": "I want to add that Senator Platt never had anything to do with the business of the so-called Platt company. It is managed by my brother and myself. He knows nothing of it." A moment later came another voluntary offering, which, taken in connection with the foregoing, is delicious. He was referring to the heartless conduct of Croker, after getting possession of the city through the aid of Platt and Tracy in 1897, in setting up a rival Croker Surety Company, which took away business from the Platt company. Not only did it take away business, but it got higher rates. "City officials," said the young man, indignantly, "have paid three-quarters and two-thirds more in a great many cases—contractors and officials. It's a matter of common knowledge in the business."

Mr. Moss, in his Saturday statement of what he had accomplished in his Ramapo inquiries, made the very serious mistake of ignoring completely all that had been brought out implicating Platt and his political friends. Not a word did he say about Lauterbach, or Dutcher, or Tracy, or the Platt family law firm; yet, as a matter of fact, there has been more evidence adduced against them than against Croker and his political friends. It has been adduced, too, against the obvious unwillingness of both the committee and Mr. Moss to have it come out. Why was young Platt treated with such consideration when he was on the stand? Why was not he pursued, as Mr. Moss pursues Croker and other Tammany witnesses, with persistent questions as to the sources of his firm's income from such legal services as advocacy of the Ramapo bill and the Astoria gas bill? Why was not the full nature of both the family law business and the family surety business gone into? Why was not Mr. Dutcher questioned more vigorously as to the nature of the Ramapo Company's stock and the company's exact financial condition? Mr. Croker has the committee and its counsel on the hip when he asks why they do not go into these and other matters in which Platt and his friends are seen to be implicated. Until they do go into them as thoroughly and as mercilessly as they go into the doings of Croker and his associates, the charge

that the investigation is partisan and one-sided will stand unrefuted.

It has been shown by Mr. Moss that the Ramapo job originated with Republicans; that the bill making it possible was advocated by the Platt family law firm, and became a law because of their hired support; that Gen. Tracy was at the head of the company when he joined the family law firm, and was its counsel and promoter for at least five years afterwards; that he was succeeded as President by Silas B. Dutcher, a trusted political ally of Platt, and by Lauterbach as counsel, who has been for years one of Platt's most devoted agents; that the job was first brought to Tammany attention by Lauterbach, who, with the Tammany President of the Board of Public Improvements, arranged the terms of the \$200,000,000 contract. Yet Mr. Moss assumes in his statement that only Croker and his friends have been implicated in the testimony! Mr. Croker is quite justified in feeling indignant at such a claim as this, and in denouncing the committee and its counsel as mere tools of Platt. We hope he will nurse and stimulate his indignation, and give frequent utterance to it, for in that way he may arrive at the point of telling us, or allowing his followers to tell us, what were the terms of the "deal" by which the Tammany champions of the job were induced to take hold of it. We have only got in sight of the truth about this business. Mr. Moss and his committee have shied visibly at the first glimpse of this truth, and Croker is quite correct when he tells them so. Will they dare to accept his challenge and let the full truth come out?

BANKS AND TRUST COMPANIES.

The old question of the relations between trust companies and banks, wherein their spheres differ and wherein their interests clash, has been revived by the number of new trust companies already formed or proposed. In the past it was sometimes asserted that these were rivals only, but this was a superficial view; so long as each kept to its own province they supported as much as antagonized each other. The original theory of the trust company was that it was organized to undertake the management of estates or special funds, and to do other and similar things for which there was a demand, but which were not within the duty of the bank. It was true that, even under such circumstances, the trust companies competed for loans with the banks, but it was felt that this was due rather to the general competition of capital than to the rivalry of financial institutions.

It is, however, undeniable that the general—as distinguished from the special—deposits of the trust companies have of late years been increasing; deposits which the banks were formed pri-

marily to care for. In consequence, business competition in the loan market not only has increased with this growth of ordinary deposits at the trust companies, but has tended to assume more and more the form of a competition of the same class or kind of money. Even under these conditions the problem might not have received public attention were it not for the number of new trust companies announced. It is not probable that these new companies are intending to confine themselves to trust funds or estates, but, on the contrary, there is every reason to believe that some of them, at least, will rely largely for their deposits upon the money of business men who keep active accounts. It is, perhaps, in view of this very contingency that one of the older trust companies, in order to secure larger mercantile deposits, is offering to send one of its representatives in a cab to the offices and shops of its customers for their daily collections.

If the tendency, already existing, to make the general banking department of trust companies more important than the special is to continue, it does not require a financial prophet to foresee that new problems are likely to arise in Wall Street. Of these problems, the one first to be met will be that of proper cash reserves. As an illustration, some figures may be presented in round numbers and roughly. The trust companies usually grouped together had recently \$325,000,000 deposited with them. These same companies had in their own vaults or deposited with banks \$45,000,000, being 14 per cent. of their deposits. Of this latter sum by far the greater part was redeposited, the amount held in cash being comparatively insignificant.

It is an interesting question how far these moneys of trust companies deposited in banks should be considered as making a full reserve. After deducting one-quarter for its own safety, the bank proceeds to lend out the remaining three-quarters. Is the trust company protected to the full amount? In London, where the great banks keep the greater part of their reserves in the Bank of England, this question has been much discussed. Critics of the British system have called this kind of reserve inadequate and dangerous, but, beyond a slight increase in actual cash, the criticisms have had little effect. It was felt that the Bank of England, with its great power, its large reserves of cash (often one-half its deposits), and its assumed responsibility, could cope with any domestic or foreign difficulty. But it would not be doing justice to the New York clearing-house to compare it with the Bank of England, though many points of resemblance will occur to the observer. Our banks cannot be expected willingly to assume responsibility without power.

What percentage of deposits a bank should keep in its vaults as a reserve against demand cannot be determined without study. Our national law fixes 25 per cent., but this is arbitrary, for much depends upon the kind of deposits received and on the kind of loans made. Some banks would be as safe from suspension with but 15 per cent. of their deposits in cash as others with twice that reserve. Since the matter of this percentage is fixed as to our national banks, it would be unnecessary to discuss the subject except for its bearing upon the trust companies. These, as is well known, are not required to observe any rule or percentage in determining the amount of money to be held in reserve.

If banks differ among themselves as to the real amounts of cash which safety against a sudden demand would require them to keep as reserves, trust companies differ from banks still more sharply. Our older companies during the process of years have accumulated a series of deposits which are not likely to be called for suddenly, or perhaps cannot be. So far as such kinds of deposits predominate in the trust companies, it would be unnecessary to require one-quarter or anything like that proportion to be held as a cash reserve. There might even be deposits held by the trust companies under such conditions as to need no immediate reserve at all. If, therefore, the trust companies were to limit their business to the purposes for which they were first organized, there would be no reserve question to consider.

But it is precisely at this point that the difficulty appears. If it is true that trust companies in general have been accepting active deposits more and more of late, if it is true that there are signs of increasing solicitation, and if the advent of new companies points in the same direction, then the matter may in the near future attract formal attention. Public sentiment in Wall Street, seeking to do justice to both banks and trust companies, could only ask that the latter apply to their business the same general principles which the banks are bound by law to obey. It ought not to be difficult for directors and officers of trust companies to classify their deposits, separating the mercantile or active accounts from the others. Then upon the moneys which should be classed as trust funds could be placed a minimum of reserve, varying according to the possibility (not probability merely) of withdrawal. It would be immaterial whether a large portion of such reserves were to be held in cash or placed in the possession of the banks. Then upon those deposits which are common to banks also the bank percentage could be calculated; nor would it prove a hardship were this legal percentage on the active or mercantile accounts to be kept as a cash reserve in the companies' treasuries.

Fortunately for us the large and increasing business of the country makes the question of financial reserves for the time unimportant. The problem was, however, acute during and after the panic year 1893, and may become as acute again. It would be wise, therefore, to discuss the matter now before such acuteness becomes apparent.

THE WASHINGTON PEDIGREE.

BOSTON, September 12, 1899.

You recently felt constrained to say a word concerning fictitious pedigrees, and your readers may like to turn to the details of work performed by competent genealogists in tracing out and establishing the true pedigree of George Washington. The result was obtained by the efforts of several genealogists, English and American, each contributing a part and cheerfully coöperating in pursuing clues.

Without going into side issues, it may be said that no one disputed that George Washington was descended from John Washington, who, with his brother Lawrence, came to Virginia about 1657, and that both brothers became possessed of estates and honors in their new home. Genealogy as a science had not penetrated to the colonies; and the Washingtons, placing nothing on record, simply remained for generations as opulent gentlemen, whose social position was unquestioned. In 1791 Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King of Arms, who had married an American wife, and who was a warm admirer of Washington, sent to the President his theory as to the English pedigree of the emigrants. This paper has been lost, but it was examined by Jared Sparks, who is a sufficient witness (see Chester's 'Investigation,' 1866). Washington, in reply, said: "I have often heard others of the family, older than myself, say that our ancestor who first settled in this country came from one of the northern counties of England, but whether from Lancashire, Yorkshire, or one still more northerly, I do not precisely remember." Heard's pedigree was doubtless the same as that printed soon after by Baker in his 'History of Northamptonshire,' in which he identified John and Lawrence with the two sons of Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave and Brington, of a family settled for two generations in Sulgrave, Co. Northampton, and fully recorded in the Heralds' Visitations.

The coincidence of names was striking, and the truth of this theory remained undisputed for years. Pilgrims visited Sulgrave, and the local historians diligently sought out even the remotest branches of the family. Especially the Rev. John N. Simpkinson, rector of Brington, an ardent and careful antiquary, made large investigations on the spot among old records and accounts, the results of which he published. Charles Sumner was inspired to have copies made of tombstones in Brington, which he presented to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and which were accepted by the Legislature and duly recorded in a public document.

In 1863, however, Isaac J. Greenwood of New York, a genealogist of the new school, printed in the *N. E. Historical and Genealogical Register* an article showing that these two sons of Lawrence Washington were too old to be the emigrants to Virginia. The

doubt thus started would not subside, and in 1866 the late Joseph L. Chester, then in England, and confessedly the chief of all living genealogists, grappled with the problem. Availing of all that was then known, and adding the fruits of his skilled investigations, he prepared a masterly essay printed in Nichols's *Herald and Genealogist* (London) and reissued as a pamphlet. Herein, with a multitude of other facts, he proved that, of the two sons of Lawrence of Sulgrave, John was knighted in 1623 and died before October 6, 1678, when Dorothy Washington made her will as "relict of Sir John Washington, deceased." Mr. Chester accumulated evidence, and the identification is conceded. Lawrence Washington, the younger brother, was matriculated at Brazenose College, Oxford, in 1621, aged nineteen. The records show that he held college offices, and in 1633 he obtained the valuable living of Purleigh in Essex, and was ejected in 1643 for his loyalty. Then he obtained "a poor and miserable" parish, and sank into obscurity. Mr. Chester thus brilliantly demonstrated that these two old men could not be the emigrants to Virginia in 1657, especially as one was a knight and the other a clergyman, while the Virginians were simple esquires. As we shall soon point out the real identity of the emigrants, we will merely say that Chester's work was unanswerable.

Here, then, the old fight between the guns and the armor stopped, with the victory on the side of the guns. But good Americans were not content, and, more than ever, genealogists sought to establish the true ancestry of our most noted family. Mr. Chester labored long and well, and chased many a phantom through wills, deeds, and parish records. He died, however, without succeeding in his long search. In 1883 Henry F. Waters of Salem, a man upon whom Chester's mantle had fallen, was in England making researches and famous discoveries in genealogy. He noted that though Lawrence Washington of Virginia died there, administration was granted in England, in May, 1677, to Edmund Jones, principal creditor of Lawrence Washington, formerly of Luton in Bedfordshire, deceased in Virginia. Not long afterwards a friendly official notified Mr. Waters that he had found an administration bond, dated in January, 1650, relating to Lawrence Washington the younger, then aged fourteen. This clue led to the discovery of the will of Andrew Knowing, of Tring, Co. Hertford, which proved to be the corner-stone of the Virginian pedigree. It was dated and proved early in 1650, and made bequests to "daughters-in-law," Amphilis Washington, Elizabeth Fitzherbert, Susan Billing (deceased), and "son-in-law" William Roades, and also to their children, viz., John, William, Elizabeth, Margaret, and Martha Washington, "children of said Amphilis W., my daughter-in-law," and to the two daughters of said Susan Billing. Also, he gave all his freehold lands and tenements to "Lawrence Washington the younger, my godson," and made him his sole executor. A search of the parish records of Tring gave the baptisms of Lawrence, June 23, 1635, Elizabeth, August 17, 1636, and William, — 13, 1641, all children of "Mr. Lawrence Washington"; and the burial, January 19, 1654 (1654-5), of "Mrs. Washington." Though John's birth was not recorded at Tring, nor that of his younger sisters Margaret and Martha, Mr. Waters found letters of administration granted February 8,

1655, to John Washington, lawful son of Amphilis W., late of Tring.

It may be said at once that the clues at Luton and Tring, villages but a few miles apart, closed at this point; and though Mr. Waters has printed many other documents, scarcely one has any direct references to the Washingtons. The inferences beyond dispute were that Amphilis was the wife of a "Mr." Lawrence Washington, and that Andrew Knowling was her stepfather, having married a widow Roades. The next point was the identification of Lawrence Washington whose children were recorded at Tring. Mr. Waters found a memorandum on a paper folded up with the administration on Andrew Knowling's will, granted January 29, 1649, that their guardians were to act for the two minor daughters of Susan Benning (evidently Billing); and this order was signed by Lawrence Washington, Master of Arts and temporary Surrogate "hac vice." Surely Mr. Waters was justified in claiming that this acting Surrogate was Lawrence Washington, husband of Amphilis, whose children were to receive nearly all of Knowling's estate, and who would naturally attend at the probate of the will. Some English critics, with discourteous haste, pointed out that exact proof of this identification was lacking. Others, more kindly, tried to fortify Mr. Waters's discoveries. Granting the identity of the Surrogate, it was evident that he was a Master of Arts, and the only Lawrence W. at Oxford or Cambridge at that period was the son of Lawrence of Sulgrave, before mentioned. Every known fact pointed to him. As Chester shows, he resigned his fellowship at Oxford on his presentation to the living of Purleigh, in Essex, March 14, 1632-3. This made it possible, for the first time, for him to marry. The second son of Amphilis was baptized in 1635, and her older son John was presumably born in 1634, while the marriage could be reasonably assigned to 1633.

The next valuable bit of evidence came from Mr. Darnell Davis of Georgetown, British Guiana, whose letter was printed in the *Nation* of July 16, 1891. It was known that Walker ('Sufferings of the Clergy,' London, 1714) mentioned the Rector of Purleigh and his sufferings. A copy of his sketch was printed by Moncreux D. Conway in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1891, but it merely said that Washington, after losing his rich benefice, was "permitted to have and continue upon a Living in these parts; but it was such a poor and miserable one that it was always with difficulty that any one was persuaded to accept it." Mr. Davis pointed out the forgotten or neglected fact, that Walker's original manuscripts are in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and that a search, which he had not time to make, might bring to light more details. The necessary cost of such search having been furnished, Mr. Waters at once went to Oxford, with gratifying results. I printed in the *Nation* for October 8, 1891, the main facts obtained, viz., that the original showed that this "poor and miserable living was Braxted," and that Mr. Roberts there entertained Mr. Washington, where he was allowed to preach. It was easily found out that Braxted Parva in Essex was just such a place, and that Thomas Roberts was then the patron. The character of Lawrence Washington was also cleared from slurs, and it was shown that he was ejected simply for his

loyalty to the Crown in the turbulent years before the Puritans triumphed.

Almost at the same moment, Miss Emma M. Walford of London, an expert genealogist, published the record of the burial at All Saints, Maldon, Essex, of Mr. Lawrence Washington, January 2, 1652. Braxted is about nine miles from Purleigh and six miles from Maldon. No one can doubt that this records the end of the Rector of Purleigh, the son of Lawrence of Sulgrave, at the age of about fifty years. The coincidences are striking. In 1650, Mr. Knowling calls his godson, Lawrence W.; "the younger," which term is almost invariably given to a man whose father, of the same name, is still alive. Rev. Lawrence was clearly alive in 1650. In 1655, John, son of Amphilis W., was her administrator, and presumably her husband was dead. Rev. Lawrence died in 1652, or possibly in January, 1653, modern reckoning.

In 1649 the commissioners granted some relief to the many clergymen whom they had ruthlessly robbed and expelled, and the new Rector of Purleigh, one John Rogers, was ordered to pay something to Mrs. Washington, the wife of his predecessor. Rev. Lawrence Washington. If we could recover the receipts, orders, or letters in the Purleigh case from the masses of papers in regard to the payments of conscience money, still probably preserved, we might get positive proof as to the wife of Rev. Lawrence. Perfect proof, however, has come from American sources. In the *Nation* of October 15, 1891, Worthington C. Ford, a most competent authority, printed a letter written by John Washington, son of John the emigrant, to his half-sister, in 1699. This emigrant had two wives; by the first, he had a daughter Anne, who seems to have lived in England, and there married Rev. Edward Gibson of Hawnes in Bedfordshire. John W. writes: "I had the happiness to see a letter which you sent to my aunt Howard, who died about a year and a half ago." Following this clue, Mr. Ford printed in the *Nation* of November 17, 1892, from an attested copy just discovered in the Washington MSS., in the Department of State, the will of Martha Hayward of Stafford County, proved December 8, 1697. Of course Hayward and Howard are interchangeable names. She mentions "cousins John and Augustine, the son of my cousin Lawrence W.; also Lawrence, John, Nathaniel, and Henry, sons of my cousin John W." Evidently she was Martha, daughter of Amphilis W., and sister of the emigrants. In fact, the will in 1677, printed by Mr. Ford, of John W., the emigrant, gives money to his sister Martha for the expense of her coming over. Moreover, and most happily, Mrs. Hayward made other bequests, viz., for her executors to send to England to "my eldest sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Rumbold, a ton of good tobacco," and "to my other sister, Mrs. Margaret Galbut [name doubtful], a ton of tobacco." Here, then, we have exactly the five children of Amphilis Washington mentioned in Andrew Knowling's will, viz., John, Lawrence, Elizabeth (Garbut), Margaret (Rumbold), and Martha (Hayward).

This will gave immediate and conclusive weight to a will printed in Waters's 'Ancestry of Washington' (Boston, 1889). He printed (p. 32) the will of Elizabeth Mewce, widow, dated in 1676, who is known to have been the daughter of Lawrence W. of Sulgrave, and sister of Rev. Lawrence W. of

Purleigh. She gives bequests to relatives, among them five pounds to "my niece, Mrs. Elizabeth Rumbold." And here we have the final proof. Mrs. Mewce, the sister of Rev. Lawrence, mentions "niece" Mrs. Elizabeth Rumbold, clearly identified as sister of the emigrants, the children of Amphilis W., recorded at Tring as the children of Mr. Lawrence Washington. Naturally, Mr. Waters was delighted, and Mr. Ford printed in the *Nation* of December 22, 1892, a résumé entitled "The Washington Pedigree Assured."

In the foregoing all extraneous matter, however interesting, is carefully excluded. Mr. Chester doubtless collected many facts about the Washingtons, but, if existing, they are in private hands. Mr. Waters, more wisely, has printed many wills, without gaining much information; but, in the case of Mrs. Mewce's will, a single reference, of no apparent value in 1889, became of the greatest importance in 1892. The story of the Washington pedigree is interesting as showing the lack of documentary proofs in the pedigrees of the younger branches of families of the English gentry, and explains the difficulty so often experienced in tracing the emigrants to this country. The settlers of New England now in the ninth or tenth generation have pedigrees which cannot be matched by the middle class of any other nation.

W. H. WHITMORE.

THE VAN DYCKS AT ANTWERP.

ANTWERP, August, 1899.

To lovers of art, the spectacle of a busy, commercial town deliberately devoting ten days to make the feast simply because a painter happened to have been born there three hundred years before; should, I suppose, seem an encouraging sign. I am not so sure, however, that, to the large mass of people of Antwerp, Van Dyck has meant anything more than a convenient excuse for a series of street pageants and banquets and illuminations and concerts and decorations and excursions, and, generally, a debauch of rejoicing. That, in the course of the fêtes, an exhibition was opened at the Musée des Beaux-Arts, in the presence of a number of Academicians and delegates from other countries, was the merest incident. But, after all, there is no reason why their interest should be more personal. Of all painters, Van Dyck, probably, is the one who would have cared least for popular appreciation and applause; and when I saw his name figuring above cafés or on illustrated postcards and posters, when I saw it given indifferently to cigarettes and cakes, when I saw his face staring out from every shop window and every other decorated façade, I wondered how this manner of tribute would have pleased the artist who was known, even among his fellow-painters, as *il pittore cavalleresco*.

But to most people who have journeyed to Antwerp to take part in the Tercentenary celebrations, the exhibition is, of course, the great thing. As with Rembrandt a year ago, it is felt that there cannot soon be such another opportunity to study the life-work of the artist. It is true that, again as with Rembrandt, the show will be repeated in London at the Royal Academy this coming winter, but many of the pictures now being exhibited will scarcely be allowed to go out of Belgium; and if these are not Van Dyck's masterpieces, they are of interest and importance in marking a

certain stage and phase of his development. In many ways, indeed, the exhibition is more satisfactory than last year's at Amsterdam. Van Dyck cannot be ranked with Rembrandt as one of the few supreme masters of all time, but, at least, the collection of his work is now presented to greater advantage. To begin with, the galleries in which it has been hung are finer; they are in the new Musée, built, I think unfortunately, in the big, ugly, commonplace modern quarter of Antwerp; but, though the approach has none of the charm of the old town, the rooms are spacious and stately and well lighted. The pictures are admirably hung. There is no crowding, each has the necessary margin of space around it, and all are arranged with some idea of the harmonious effect of a gallery as a whole. The one drawback is, curiously, the great beauty of the walls that make the background. Not that there is any excess of gaudy decoration, as in too many new national museums, but the green of the hangings is such good color in itself that it distracts the eye. The perfect background for pictures is that which you do not see.

The collection, though necessarily not complete, is, taken altogether, more fully representative than the Rembrandt series. Most of the famous religious pictures and altar pieces are here, many of the early portraits painted in Flanders, as well as several that were among the most triumphant achievements of Van Dyck's English career. It is his Italian or Genoan period to which least justice is done. A number of his sketches for different pictures on the walls, and of his drawings in *grisaille* for the engraver, are included, and also his etchings and the engravings for the Iconography. The Duke of Devonshire has sent the celebrated sketch-book from Chatsworth. And, finally, there is a large and exhaustive collection of photographs after Van Dyck's pictures; useful, not particularly to the disciples of Morelli, to whom Van Dyck offers small scope for their ingenuity, but as a reminder that many of the artist's masterpieces are missing—a reminder that helps one to bear one's first feeling of disappointment.

For it is as well to be honest with one's self at the start. Interesting as the exhibition is, it is disappointing. To look at a number of Van Dyck's pictures together seems to emphasize his weakness and not his strength. The portrait that borrows additional dignity and stateliness from the old castle or manor-house where it has hung ever since it was sent home from the painter's studio, loses when placed with numerous other portraits; its very resemblance to them in composition and detail explaining how much more it is the result of the artist's convention or formula than of his sympathetic study of character. The religious pictures, when dimly seen above a remote high altar or in a shadowy chapel, suggest qualities and possibilities that are not revealed in the full light of a well-illuminated gallery. It is not only that in some cases they have been ill cared for, in others unintelligently restored; but to paint the religious picture was not Van Dyck's *métier*. He did it because this was the sort of big *machine* expected from the clever painter of his day, just as the yearly sensation from Rochegrosse or Tattégain is now counted upon as a feature of the Salons. Moreover, he could

cover his huge canvas with amazing dexterity, he could arrange his groups and his figures with marvellous skill, but he never seemed to bring to the work anything more than skill and dexterity. In his hands the solemn tragedy of the Scriptures degenerated into melodrama. He produced his effects by very much the same obvious methods as the author of the successful *Adelphi* play. His audience was never forgotten. Saints, even Christ and the Virgin, make the most direct bids for sympathy and compassion. Angels point to the wounds of the crucified Saviour that you may not by any chance overlook them, or St. Joseph calls your attention to the Holy Family under his care. But perhaps Van Dyck's most surprising flight of religious imagination is in the "St. Sebastian," the one from the church at Schelle, in which a little plump cherub plucks out an arrow from the saint's body as daintily and gayly as a little Cupid who had just emptied his quiver. Really, the only picture of this kind that I should say Van Dyck painted for his own pleasure is the "St. Martin" from Saventhem, where the villagers once, years ago, armed themselves for its protection, and where they threatened this summer to do so again until M. Koch, *Conservateur* of the Musée, went in person to assure them there was no Napoleon in pursuit of their treasure this time, that it was a question not of wholesale robbery for the benefit of another nation, but of a temporary loan for the glorification of Van Dyck in his own land. It is not a great picture, but there is a gayety about it, a grace and elegance in the debonaire little saint, well encased in armor, sitting on his prancing horse with as much swagger as Sodoma's St. George, as he divides his entirely superfluous cloak with the beggar, that is very charming.

But it was in his portraits that Van Dyck found himself, gradually throwing off the influence of Rubens; and it is, therefore, the portraits, rather than the flamboyant religious *machines*, that are the cause of one's disappointment. At his best, there are times when one is ready almost to rank him with Franz Hals, with Rembrandt, with Velasquez. But then he was comparatively seldom at his best. Few painters have left so many portraits, but among these many, in what a minority are the masterpieces! The truth is, Van Dyck was too successful, too much in demand. And just as happens with the successful artist to-day, it was upon the reputation of his brilliant achievement rather than a new departure, a new experiment, that the continuation of his success depended. The great ladies who sat to him no doubt insisted that they too should be painted as one still greater and more beautiful had been before them; and, more likely than not, the men clung as persistently to the one favorite formula. And so, when a number of his portraits are collected together, one cannot but be conscious of monotony. There is the same pose, the same expression, the same trick again and again. In one after another, there is the same well-known turn of the head, while the eyes look out in the other direction; the same long slim hands in men and women alike, the same arrangement of those hands. One feels that one is in a shop, a manufactory, where everything is fashioned after an accepted pattern. It is a very beautiful pattern, very distinguished, very graceful, but still it is a pattern. It wearies at last, like the heroic extravagances of Rubens's workshop;

like the angelic affectations of Perugino's studio.

Then, when most ready to question the fame of Van Dyck, to dispute the verdict of a couple of centuries, one comes face to face with a picture that holds one like a spell; with, for instance, the perfect portrait of Carew the poet and Killigrew the actor. It is as simple as a Velasquez, and, as in a Velasquez, the beauty is in the rendering of character, the realization of a strongly defined type, the treatment of every accessory—above all, the dignity, the sobriety, the exquisite tone and color. The green of the wall, that overshadows other pictures near it, cannot destroy its rich golden glow, though at Antwerp, somehow, it does not seem altogether so wonderful as at Windsor, where it belongs. For it comes from the royal collections, and is one of the English contributions which make the glory of the exhibition. Guiffrey, in his enthusiasm, wrote that if Van Dyck had died before his first journey from Flanders, nothing could have been lost from the greatness of his name. But it seems almost incredible that this could have been written after a visit to the Van Dycks in England. Van Dyck may have been Flemish by birth, but it was in England, the land of his adoption, that his greatest work was done, and it is only right that England should now, as every one in Antwerp admits, have insured the success of the exhibition in his native town. From English royal and private collections have been loaned thirty-five or forty of the hundred and three exhibited paintings, drawings, and sketches, and they include the most magnificent examples, with two or three exceptions.

The delightful little group of the oldest children of Charles, and the three heads of the King painted on one canvas, as a model for Bernini's bust, also are from Windsor. That splendid portrait of the artist himself in his youth, affected in its elegance, but alive every inch of it, is sent by the Duke of Grafton, who also claims the far more famous Henrietta Maria presenting the laurel wreath to Charles, with its lovely passages of color. To the Duke of Devonshire belongs the large full-length "Arthur Goodwin," an arrangement in brown, almost Whistlerian in its subtle harmony. The "Sir Edmund Verney," with its eloquent blacks, is owned by the present Baronet of the name. The deliciously artificial "Van Dyck with the Sunflower" is the Duke of Westminster's. And, so, I might go through the list. The only equally notable pictures that cannot be referred to English collections are the stately portrait of Philip, Lord Wharton, from the Hermitage, and the little girl in blue with her dogs, so reminiscent of Velasquez, that usually hangs in the permanent exhibition of the Antwerp Gallery. I do not mean that these exhaust the fine things, but they are certainly the finest pictures that have helped to make Van Dyck's fame, that give one the thrill to be found only in the noblest art.

It is curious that Van Dyck, who would not have been what he was without Rubens, should have become the founder of the eighteenth-century school of English portrait painting, which, whatever its good qualities, has no pretension to that robustness which the very name of the greater Fleming suggests. But Van Dyck, toward the end, grew less robust, the influence

of Rubens began to disappear, and the elegance that was Van Dyck's chief merit in the eyes of his patrons eventually led him to the allegorical portrait, the tradition of which, handed down by way of Lely and Kneller, was often amusingly and sometimes rather feebly carried out by Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney. It was this elegance, not always in its strongest expression, they inherited—the knowledge of how to place a figure decoratively on a canvas, how to make the sitter conform to a convention when convention seemed more pleasing than truth.

It is idle to ask what would have been the result to his own art had Van Dyck lived as long as Rembrandt or Titian. He was only forty-two when he died, but the chances are that he died at the right moment for his reputation. He had lived his life to the full, he had done his fair share of work; and the Antwerp Exhibition proves that if this work does not set him on the highest pinnacle in the Temple of Art, at least there are not so very many exalted far above him. N. N.

Correspondence.

THE GERMANS AND AMERICANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article on the "Germans and Americans" in your issue of August 31 was in every sentence a rejoinder to my essay in the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. While my absence from town may excuse the delay of my answer, I am anxious not to refrain entirely from a reply. Some of your arguments refer to my statements about Germany, some to my hopes about America; allow me to follow up your criticism in both directions.

With regard to Germany, we disagree as to the amount of freedom in university life and in politics. You are ready to concede that there is no country with more valuable inner freedom than Germany, but when I add that the German university is the freest place on earth, you insist that you can but "stare and gasp." But your only argument for your scepticism is an enumeration of conflicts between the Government and university professors from Mommsen, Virchow, and Geffcken down to "the recent attacks on professors who have taken the part of the Social Democrats." But is there really a contradiction? Mommsen called Bismarck in a stump speech a swindler, and Bismarck brought Mommsen before the court; what has that to do with the freedom of the universities? Geffcken (who, by the way, was at that time not any longer professor) published the diary of the Crown Prince and committed by that, in Bismarck's opinion, the crime of high treason; how can that be linked with the problem of academic freedom? Are Virchow and Mommsen not still lecturing every day? Does academic freedom mean that the professor can throw stones at his neighbor's window without being prosecuted like other men? And even those recent attacks on professors who have taken the part of the Social Democrats reduce themselves in reality to the effort to remove Dr. Arons from the University of Berlin. But, firstly, Arons is not a regularly appointed professor—he is an unpaid privat-docent who has only the revocable permission to give

lectures; secondly, he not only took sides with the Social Democrats—nobody would disturb him for that—but he was a leader of the agitation; thirdly, this had again nothing to do with his university work, as his courses were not about political economy, but only about magnetism and electricity; and, fourthly, even in this case the Government was not successful. No, the German university professor, like the German judge, is appointed for life, and the Germans see in that the security of freedom of thought and law. I do not know an American university whose professors cannot be dismissed.

As regards political freedom, you say it is begging the question when I claim that to insult the President cannot be called freedom at all, and you reply with the question: "Is it freedom when an editor is sent to prison for four months for commenting on the Emperor's speech at the opening of Parliament?" Certainly that is not freedom, but, fortunately, it never has happened and never can happen in Germany. No one has ever been prosecuted for "commenting," if the word is not extended to include every kind of insulting attack or an infamous insinuation of mean motives. The dispute over the canal bill in the past few weeks has sufficiently demonstrated that the German editorial can publish not only comment, but the sharpest possible criticism of the Emperor's speeches and actions, provided that the form is not insulting; many were sharper than the most energetic comments on McKinley's politics from the side of the anti-imperialists, and yet no one objected to them. The thought and argument of criticism is never really reinforced by the addition of disreputable adjectives; for readers of taste, it is even weakened. On the other hand, you say yourself that few intelligent Americans have any objection to a constitutional monarchy, and that "we might be better off if we had it." Can these same intelligent Americans doubt that the protection against direct degrading insult is an organic part of every monarchy, as this protection by law means, of course, merely the outer reinforcement of the mutual agreement of the population to acknowledge the monarch as the symbol of the nation, and thus to keep this symbol out of the mud of political excitement? You say finally: "Until he can silence the voices of the German Liberals, he has no right to make such representations to the American people." But I do not want to silence their voices, as I am myself a German Liberal, have voted with them, and should probably to-day vote with the National Liberals, while I acknowledge that I do not agree with you that Bamberger—certainly one of the most brilliant speakers and writers—was "one of the ablest German statesmen."

But allow me to turn to the American problems where I recognize still less my own picture in your mirror. You see in my entire effort merely the "theory of reaction, of servility, of despotism." But am I really guilty? Let us separate the social and the political questions. I had laid the chief emphasis on the social problems; your comment touches them only shortly, and thus I do not want either to give much space to them here. But when you speak of "the ignoble desire to be promoted by the ruling powers into an arbitrary social prominence without reference to intrinsic worth," I must at least say that you score exactly that which I have

scored. We agree that a complicated national society is not possible without a social differentiation in which many degrees of social prominence are given by some ruling power. My claim—to use an American expression—is, that as long as money is this ruling power, there are indeed too many odds in favor of the fear that the social prominence is given without reference to intrinsic worth. That is the situation here which I should call not ignoble, but imperfect. If, on the other hand, the ruling power becomes a government, in which the energies of the whole nation are organized, there remain, of course, still possibilities of mistakes, but the chances are greater that social prominence becomes adjusted to intrinsic worth. Every great organization—for instance, the universities—acts also in this country after this principle, which I should like to see extended, as in Germany, over the whole national society; there is no fear that other ruling powers, besides the governmental ones, like wealth, and health, and beauty, will not remain efficient, nevertheless.

But your article emphasizes especially the political side; allow me to take the same turn. You begin at once by saying that I am delighted with the Spanish war. I beg your pardon. I especially said that I did not care to discuss whether the war was desirable or not; I ventured only to add that I do believe that the majority of the population wished the war, not for selfish, but for sentimental reasons. Is a thing delightful to me simply because I acknowledge that the majority believed in it? My "reactionary" article shows, I think, nowhere signs of such blind belief in the wisdom of majorities. And where have I suggested "putting our government in charge of a Cæsar"? I spoke of an aristocracy of mind, of greatness in art and literature and science; that is so little in antagonism to political democracy that I condensed my hopes in the wish that "the golden thread of greatness may be woven into the glorious democracy." A glorious democracy is not in charge of a Cæsar. But I do deny even that I am "an enthusiastic imperialist." The only connection in which imperialism came into my unpolitical outlook was the often-discussed possibility and hope that the expansionistic policy may reinforce the national feeling of public responsibility and public idealism. I had not to discuss politics, and the complicated problems of imperialism were thus not before me. I said merely that imperialism is possibly the shortest way to such an idealistic trend, and in so far as this is true I should welcome expansionism. Possibly those others who claim that, on the contrary, corruption and bossism would grow, may know the country better; possibly, also, other disadvantages may overshadow the advantages I thought of—it was not my business to discuss that. I did not speak in favor of or against imperialism; I spoke merely in favor of public idealism and mental aristocracy, considering the political problem of expansionism only in so far as it was subordinated to my social problem. I never hinted that this aspect is sufficient to settle such an overwhelmingly important subject, and I never claimed for myself the right to express my personal judgment on such political problems at all.

Your article, to be sure, links my remarks in still another way with imperialism. You

say: "He sneers at the German-Americans because they protested against the Anglo-American Alliance, and entirely ignores the fact that this was by way of protest against imperialism." As this point has given rise to many attacks against me in the German-American press, I have fully explained my views there, and will not repeat here our more internal German-American disputes. But every line of those discussions would show clearly that I am indeed justified in discriminating sharply between alliance and expansion, and that while I object indeed to the German movement which contends against the alliance, I have not the slightest objection to the politics of those German-Americans who oppose imperialism. In this latter issue there is no reason whatever why the Germans should be unanimous; they are and may be divided as is the rest of the land, while the question of the alliance is of a very different character. In it the Germans have indeed their possible reasons for unity, but there I urge reservation in the interest of good feeling, not because I am "an enthusiastic imperialist."

Of course, all my efforts to influence the German-Americans in the direction that mutual prejudices between Germany and the United States may disappear and good feeling prevail, would be absurd if I could agree with the introductory column of your article. You say:

"When Professor Münsterberg speaks of what Americans believe or like, we have to ask what he means. The Irish-Americans have their own feelings, and so have the German, the Scandinavian, the Russian, the French, the Italian, even the Jewish elements. There are Africans and Asiatics with prejudices of their own, and there are marked differences between the native Americans of the South and those of the North."

I know these differences, and I know their political importance, and yet I must confess that when I discussed the differences between the Germans and the Americans, I never thought that any one would ask me what I meant by Americans, and I acknowledge fully that my whole article is mistaken if the conception "the Americans" has really no meaning without further specialization.

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., September 15, 1899.

THE SOUND OF I.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is undoubtedly the case, as "W." laments in No. 1785, of the *Nation*, that the long *i* sound is growing more and more distasteful to the modern ear, as is shown by the increasing tendency to shorten or modify it. One might add to "W.'s" illustrations Shakspeare's familiar—

"From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no fair be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind."

G. L. D.

CAMBRIDGE, September 15, 1899.

Notes.

A Life of Thackeray, in two volumes, with numerous illustrations, by Lewis Melville, is the most catching entry in the fall announcements of Herbert S. Stone & Co.,

Chicago. Others are a Life of Sir Arthur Sullivan, by Arthur Lawrence; 'Some Players,' by Amy Leslie; 'Henry Irving—Ellen Terry,' a book of portraits, by Gordon Craig; 'Famous Ladies of the English Court,' illustrated, by Mrs. Aubrey Richardson; 'The Indians of To-Day,' by George Bird Grinnell; 'The Greatest American Orations,' edited by Alonzo Beach Gower; 'A Modern Reader and Speaker,' by George Riddle; 'Fables in Slang,' by George Ade; 'The Human Interest,' a study in incompatibilities, by Violet Hunt; and 'The Religion of Tomorrow,' by the Rev. Frank Crane.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce 'The River War,' an account of the recovery of the Sudan, by Winston Spencer Churchill, in two volumes, with numerous maps and illustrations; 'The Redemption of Egypt,' by W. Basil Worsfold; 'Peaks and Pines,' another Norway book, by J. A. Lees; 'The Homeric Hymns,' translated, with critical introductions, by Andrew Lang, who also produces 'The Red Book of Animal Stories'; 'The English Radicals,' an historical sketch, by C. B. Roylance Kent; 'Mr. Blackburn's Games at Chess,' edited by P. Anderson Graham; and 'A Farmer's Year: Being his commonplace Book for 1898,' by H. Rider Haggard.

'The Impressions of Spain' of James Russell Lowell, edited by Joseph B. Gilder, with an introduction by A. A. Ade, have been gathered from his dispatches to the State Department while Minister. The book will be published by the Putnams, along with the second volume of Blok's 'History of the Netherlands'; 'Bismarck and the New German Empire,' by J. W. Headlam; 'Charlemagne, the Hero of Two Nations,' by H. W. Carless Davis; 'Roman Life under the Cæsars,' by Émile Thomas; 'Alexander the Great,' by Prof. Benjamin Ide Wheeler; 'Theodore Beza, the Counsellor of the French Reformation,' by Prof. Henry Martyn Baird; 'Rupert, Prince Palatine,' by Eva Scott; 'Browning, Poet and Man,' by Elizabeth Luther Cary; 'The Troubadours at Home,' by Prof. Justin H. Smith, in two volumes, illustrated; 'A Prisoner of the Khaleefa,' by Charles Neufeld; 'The Wheat Problem,' by Sir William Crookes; 'Principles of Public Speaking,' by Prof. Guy Carleton Lee; 'Life beyond Death,' by the Rev. Minot J. Savage; and 'Bluebeard,' a contribution to history and folk-lore, by Thomas Wilson, LL.D., one of the curators of the United States National Museum.

Forthcoming from Macmillan Co. are 'Tropical Colonization,' by Alleyne Ireland; 'Little Novels of Italy,' by Maurice Hewlett; 'The History of New Testament Times in Palestine,' by Prof. Shailer Mathews; and 'The Liquefaction of Gases; Its Rise and Development,' by Willett Lepley Hardin.

Thomas Whittaker will issue at once 'A Cycle of Stories,' by Barbara Yechton.

R. H. Russell will bring out 'The Education of Mr. Pipp,' drawings by Charles Dana Gibson.

Frank H. Severance, editor of the *Illustrated Buffalo Express*, is about to publish historical studies entitled 'Old Trails on the Niagara Frontier.'

It was a great stroke when the Oxford Dictionary was converted into a quarterly serial. The Oxford University Press (New York, No. 91 Fifth Avenue) now offers a chance for those who have come late to an appreciation of this inestimable work, to begin a monthly subscription. Each part will

consist of 88 pages (e. g., No. 1, A—Acridous), at a cent a page, or ninety cents; and assurance is given that 12,000 to 13,000 pages will comprise the ten volumes (eleven had been our estimate hitherto), and that completion will be reached in 1909.

Publication No. 1 of the Victoria University Library (Toronto: William Briggs) is 'A Bibliography of Canadian Poetry' (English), by C. C. James. To the name of each author is appended a brief biographical sketch, and there is some supplementary matter at the end; but it is still surprising to find the pamphlet filling seventy-one pages. Four entire Canadian anthologies are enumerated. We are told that three brothers and a sister of Prof. C. G. D. Roberts have been poets, and that a volume of 'Northland Lyrics,' by members of the Roberts family, is soon to appear. It is noticeable that, of the new school, Prof. Roberts was born in 1860, Bliss Carman and the late Archibald Lampman in 1861. Goldwin Smith takes his place with native Canadians, as does Douglas Brynmor, the Dominion Archivist, D'Arcy McGee, and the Marquis of Lorne. Samuel E. Dawson, James De Mille, William Henry Drummond, Robert Grant Haliburton (son, of "Sam Slick"), Charles Heavysege, and John George Romanes, are some of the best-known writers. Oliver Goldsmith and George Herbert revive old memories, if not old glories in verse. Mr. James has performed his task well.

"The basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitution of government. . . . Resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles. . . . Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. . . . The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible." These are some of the anti-imperial sentiments in Washington's Farewell Address whose injunctions it is the professed object of the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, to carry out. The sumptuous Register just issued by the Society tells of much rivalry between the national organization and the Sons of the Revolution, and of futile efforts towards a union. There follow lists of officers, State and national, constitution, and biographical roll of members (nearly 300 pages), and a Roll of Revolutionary Ancestors (more than 200 pages).

'The Growth of Democracy in the United States,' by Frederick A. Cleveland (Chicago: The Quadrangle Press), is an attempt to explain the political history of our country by evolutionary theories. The fact particularly emphasized is the gradual increase of provisions for popular coöperation in government, and the legislation which expresses this tendency is analyzed with much care and at great length. The value of such a book as this would be increased by a fuller index.

To the books treating of our currency problems Mr. David K. Watson adds a 'History of American Coinage' (G. P. Putnam's Sons). He does not dwell, as might be supposed from his title, on the operations of the mint, except incidentally, but reviews the legislation affecting the coinage. The early reports of Morris and Jefferson and Hamilton are given at some length, and the debates over the modern laws affecting sil-

ver are summarized. The whole subject bristles with controversial matter, but Mr. Watson tells his story with moderation and fairness. His conclusion is that the effort to maintain the double standard of values was unwise and impracticable, and has always led to financial difficulties. The reports of the Board of Treasury of 1786 are given as appendices, and a full index is added, making the book useful for reference.

The marked success of the Germans in the teaching of modern languages has long attracted attention to their methods, and all language teachers will undoubtedly be interested in reading the small book called 'The Method of Teaching Modern Languages in Germany,' by Mary Brebner (Cambridge, Eng.: University Press; New York: Macmillan). Miss Brebner was the Gilchrist traveling scholar for 1897 appointed from the Cambridge Training College for Women Teachers, and she here presents her report of a six months' investigation in Germany, during which she visited 41 schools and heard 268 modern-language lessons given. The German method of language-teaching (otherwise called analytic, direct, or imitative) is popularly known as "the new method," although it had its beginning as far back as 1882, and was officially ordered in 1891 in Prussia. This method the author carefully analyzes, both as regards means and object, of instruction, giving a number of typical lessons in detail as she heard them. The use of phonetics, the teaching of *Realien*, or illustrative facts and studies, the system of international correspondence between students, are discussed, while a chapter is devoted to the relative merits of the Gouin, Haeusser, Berlitz, and Jena methods of instruction. Excerpts on the subject from the Prussian "Lehrpläne" and various school programmes are given. In conclusion the preparation of the language teacher for his or her work is shown in outline. The thoroughness of this preparation goes a long way, no doubt, in explaining the success of the German method. The book is small—only 75 pages—but it contains a record of personal method-investigation which the progressive teacher should read.

'Pan and the Young Shepherd' (John Lane), which Mr. Maurice Hewlett calls "A Pastoral," adds little to his reputation. It is distinguished by his usual preciosity of style; but while he succeeds in recalling something of Theocritus, he is never more than extremely clever. The phrase "Dam fool" does not seem apt in the mouth of an Arcadian peasant, nor is *Sir Topas* (who belongs for all time with *Malvollio* and the Clown) fittingly cast with *Geron* and *Teucer* and *Neanias*. These are small blemishes, but the whole work is wanting in any positive merit. In conception it is poetical and allegorical, yet the allegory is very obscure and the poetry just misses fire.

Those who have been attracted to read of the Dreyfus case by its present notoriety, and who, having begun the furious tale in the middle, wonder how it all began, will find this admirably told in 'The Dreyfus Story,' by Richard W. Hale (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.). In a compact and well-printed little book he has arranged in clear and orderly fashion the entire history of the case, so far as any outsider knows it, and, besides, explains French procedure with rare comprehension and simplicity. If it be objected that the

book appears too late, the author might well make the retort of the French journalist to his colleague, who asks, "What shall we fill our columns with when the *affaire* is over?" "Ne vous agitez pas. Elle recommencera!"

The rebellion of French soldiers in the Sudan has induced Paul Leroy-Beaulieu to publish, in the *Journal des Débats* for August 31, an urgent plea for the early construction of a railway through the Sahara. Having shown in previous publications, notably in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for June 15, that the task would be easy and the expense moderate in comparison with other modern enterprises of similar nature, he endeavors in his latest article to prove the growing necessity of the work. The road, he insists, should not run to Timbuctoo, but directly from Biskra, in Algeria, to the shores of Lake Tchad, so as to insure the possession and exploitation of the vast regions conceded to France by the international conventions in 1891 and 1899. A ready communication between Algeria and the French Sudan, M. Leroy-Beaulieu thinks, would have made such a rebellion as Capt. Voulet's so doubtful of success as to have prevented it.

The object of the French expedition under Capt. Voulet and Chanoine which came recently to a tragic end, was to take possession of the almost unknown region between the Niger and Lake Tchad. The starting-point was Jenne on the upper Niger; Capt. Voulet with part of the expedition going by river, while Capt. Chanoine, son of the well-known general of that name, with a force of 360 tirailleurs crossed the great Niger bend by land. In an account of this journey, summarized in the *London Times*, he tells of passing through a mountainous country inhabited by an interesting race, "who live in isolated villages to which access is sometimes only possible by means of ladders." Intelligent and extremely industrious, they have hitherto resisted the efforts of the Mohammedan missionaries for their conversion, and maintain towards the French an attitude of armed neutrality. The kingdom of Mossi is described as a country of "exceptional richness," the people having large herds of cattle and sheep, as well as horses and donkeys in abundance. It is significant, in view of the alleged cruelty of Capt. Chanoine, which led to the assassination of the officers sent to supersede him and his companion, that he ascribes the failure of the French to establish their authority over the various peoples in this region "to the too tender methods that have been employed in dealing with them." The expedition was united on the Niger last January, and, after two months of preparation, started for the lake.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for September opens with some interesting facts and statistics showing the rapid growth of trade between Japan and this country within the last twenty years. The principal exchanges are raw silk and raw cotton, and there is also at present an extraordinary demand for American tobacco. Prof. E. B. Garriott describes the hurricane of August 7-14, dwelling especially on the work done by the newly organized West Indian branch of the United States Weather Bureau, whose prompt and accurate warnings were, according to the testimony of owners and masters of vessels, "of almost incalculable value." Attention is called to a serious error in the

August number in regard to the relative distance of Manila from New York by the Nicaragua and Suez Canal routes. The figures given were furnished by the United States Coast Survey, being simply measurements taken from charts. The Acting Superintendent now writes that the true distance of Manila from New York by the Nicaragua Canal is 11,078 nautical miles, or 518 miles less than by the Suez Canal.

Jena, as we are informed by Prof. George H. Schodde of Columbus, O., is an exception to our recent statement that women may now pursue their studies at all German universities.

—Mr. A. P. C. Griffin, Assistant Librarian of Congress, writes to us:

"In the *Nation* of August 10 there appears an article on Washington's visit to Barbados in 1751, the material for which is mainly drawn from the extracts from Washington's Diary, published in the second volume of Sparks's 'Writings of Washington.' It may not be amiss (for the fact seems to be unknown to your correspondent) to recall that the diary has been published *in extenso* and with literal exactness by Dr. J. M. Toner, in a volume published at Albany by Munsell in 1892."

—Dreyfus and no end. He turns up in the fourth volume, second series, of the great Index Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, U.S.A. (D—Emulsion), where there is a periodical reference to Zuccarelli on "L'antropologia nell'avvenimento Dreyfus-Zola." By good right, in the case of an art which has been an inestimable benefaction to medicine and surgery, we meet with Daguerre's 'Historique et description des procédés du daguerréotype et du diorama' (Paris, 1839), which the letter R will surely find abundantly capped with Roentgen. Five editions of Albert Dürer's 'De symmetria partium in rectis formis humanorum corporum,' in Latin, Italian, French, and Dutch, have been added to the Library. "The eyesight of the late Mr. Du Maurier" is the subject of a paper, in the *Lancet*, which admits that artist to the same alphabet with Dürer. Dziatzko's eminent writings on the art of cataloguing are quite germane to the Surgeon-General's collection. The earlier series of the Catalogue employed the rubric Degeneration; now Nordau has made Degeneracy necessary. Under the latter might have found a place Dépierris's 'Physiologie Sociale,' for its sub-title, "Le tabac . . . est-il cause de la dégénérescence physique et morale des sociétés modernes?" (Paris, 1898). Demonology is not an exhausted topic, and works ranging from 1534 to 1888 are here set down as newly acquired, along with such curiosities as Culpeper's 'Astrological Judgment of Diseases from the Decumbiture of the Sick, much enlarged' (1655). The Ear claims most space, viz., 79 pages, closely attended by Diphtheria, with 78. Electrotherapy fills 18. There is a noticeably full list of Medical Directories; and, under Education, of medical schools by localities, according to the documents pertaining to each.

—The Asiatic Society of Japan sends out volume xxv. of its invaluable Transactions, and the report shows the corporation to be in a healthy financial condition. The two papers published in the volume at hand are by the Rev. Isaac Dooman, who brings some knowledge of other Altaic languages, especially Turkish, to bear upon the problems set forth in his themes. These are: "The Origin of the Japanese Race" and "The Be-

ginnings of Japanese History, Civilization, and Art." The author has diligently sifted the contents of the 'Kojiki,' the oldest book in the Japanese language, which all natives and foreigners make the basis of their researches and conclusions respecting the early Japanese. To this, however, Mr. Dooman adds long research in the 'Manyoshu,' or Book of a Thousand Leaves, which contains the songs and earliest poetry of the Nippon race. His monographs are purposefully rather suggestive discussions than precise or dogmatic statements. His general conclusion is, that "the quasi-mythical and quasi-historical personalities of the legends contained in the first part of the 'Kojiki' are real historical beings, who existed and ruled over the Southern provinces of the empire before the ascendancy of Yamato power and civilization; the legendary and incredible extraneous matter which has adhered to them is later accretion, and superimposed by the uncontrollable imagination of the bard and the inconceivable credulity of the people." Mr. Dooman's rendering of the ancient poems is felicitous, and his familiarity with the theories of critics of various schools very evident. This is his verdict and prophecy concerning the Japanese: "A most happy and harmonious combination of all the antinomies and contrarieties in human nature; at the same time active and passive, highly intellectual and childish, ideally clean, but doing things that are opposite to cleanness, markedly proud and senselessly obsequious, forbearing and vindictive, kind-hearted and betraying, rational and emotional, extremely sceptical and intensely superstitious, the masters of the sublime and base. . . . A nation which, because of its universal genius, is destined to become one of, if not the greatest of, the factors humanity has produced for its self-elevation and ennoblement."

In happy rivalry with the Asiatic Society of Japan is the Deutsche Gesellschaft für Natur- und Völkerkunde Ostasiens, from both of whose storehouses of printed papers valuable books have been reproduced. To the student of that form of literature which in short measure expresses "the wisdom of many in the wit of one," Mr. P. Ehmann's volume on Japanese Proverbs is of unique value. His industry and insight seem to be equally noteworthy. Familiar with native collections of these "coins of the vernacular," he has collected, translated (into German), and annotated no fewer than 3,729 true proverbs, or picturesque and forcible sayings. In an elaborate introductory essay of twenty-two pages he discusses the bibliographical, literary, linguistic, and historical phases of his subject, and writes like one dwelling (as he does at Kanazawa) amid living speech, as well as knowing the archaic jests and gnomic sayings that need commentary and explanation. His method of arrangement is not under categories of subjects as the Occidental reader would prefer, but of initial words according to the Roman alphabet. This, however, makes reference easy to one familiar with Japanese, for under one caption (*me* or *eye*, for example) all other proverbs in which *me* leads the sentence or phrase are arranged. The title of this notable contribution to proverbial literature is 'Die Sprichwörter und bildlichen Ausdrücke der Japanischen Sprache' (Tokyo: Press of the Tsukiji Type Foundry.)

—Under the editorial care of Prof. Emil

Kautzsch of the University of Halle, and with the coöperation of a dozen other specialists, the house of Mohr (Freiburg and Leipzig) is bringing out a translation, with introduction and critical notes, of the entire body of "inter-Testament" Jewish literature, which helps explain in many particulars the methods as well as the matter of the teachings found in the Gospels and the Epistles. This collection embraces not only the so-called Apocrypha—the works of the period included in the Greek or Egyptian, but not in the Palestinian canon of the Old Testament, and several of which, such as Ecclesiasticus and Maccabees, are of greater value for the development of history and thought than some of the canonical books—but also the so-called Pseudepigrapha, particularly such apocalypses as the Book of Enoch, the Book of Jubilees, Fourth Ezra, the lyrics known as the Psalms of Solomon, etc. Nothing of the purely Hebrew literature of the period, such as the Targums or the Mishna, is included. In former times this class of works was regarded only in the light of curiosities of literature; but since the application of the historical method to Biblical criticism, their value as prime sources for New Testament study is recognized on all hands. The work, which bears the title of 'Die Apokryphen und Pseudepigraphen des Alten Testaments,' is published in thirty parts, each costing half a mark. Fully one-half has been issued, and the whole will form an appendix to the classical translation of the Old Testament published by Kautzsch and others in 1894. These two works, together with the exceptionally fine New Testament of Prof. Weiss, give the Germans a masterly version, in thoroughly modern form, of the whole body of Biblical books that cannot be paralleled in any other language.

—On August 17 the Danish author Erik Bøgh died at his home in Copenhagen. His death leaves Brosbøll (Carit Etlar) the only remaining representative of the older school of Danish writers. Erik Bøgh was born in Copenhagen on January 17, 1832. His father was a poor school-teacher with the traditional large family, and, except for a few years spent with a wealthy relative, Bøgh's childhood and youth were passed in poverty. At the age of fifteen he became tutor and general helper in a country parsonage, but in 1844, after numerous unsuccessful attempts in lyrical poetry, he tired of teaching and joined a travelling theatrical company in order to study life at first hand. The company having stranded in a small Swedish town, Bøgh, although he had never studied art, supported himself for a time by drawing portraits, travelling with his pencil through Sweden and Norway. In Christiania his literary designs were renewed, and he wrote several operettas, which were successfully produced. In 1849 he returned to Copenhagen and entered journalism, while at the same time he continued to write and adapt plays. To the total number of 110. He was also for many years connected with the administration of one of the private theatres, and later as censor with the Royal Theatre, retaining the latter position until a year before his death. As a journalist, Bøgh shows considerable resemblance to Eugene Field, especially in the *feuilletons*. "Dit og Dat" (Odds and Ends), which frequently suggest Field's "Sharps and Flats." In his poetry, too, Bøgh is not remotely relat-

ed to our humorist. He excelled especially in the humorous ballad, of which he has produced probably the best specimens in modern Danish literature. In spite of his immense productiveness, Bøgh was a very conscientious writer, who was never satisfied with anything but the best that was in his power. Bøgh's personal character harmonized with his artistic standard, and by his death Copenhagen has lost one of her most honorable sons.

A RUSSIAN PRINCE IN HINDUSTAN.

Enchanted India. By Prince Bojidar Karageorgewitch. Harper & Bros. 1899. Pp. 305.

'Enchanted India' will enchant and enchain a world of readers, but their first impressions may be unfavorable. The traveller's date he never mentions, and his failure to hide it reminds one of the silly bird who muffles his head under his wing. It is soon plain that he came with the plague at the close of 1896. The only picture except the author's own likeness is a very "counterfeit presentment" of the Taj in a corner of the cover. Mumtaz, the name of the queen it entombs, he persistently misspells Mumtaj, as if her name were cognate with that of her tomb. "That mausoleum," his words are, "is built on a terrace of marble at a height of 270 feet overhanging the Jumna." These figures, whether spoken of the terrace or of the superstructure, or of both, are wrong. Many of his figures are so. "Men are paid," he says, "as much as two annas (one penny) a day." Is one anna a penny or a halfpenny? Both answers are inconsistent with the statement soon after that a lac of rupees—that is, 100,000 rupees each of 16 annas—is £10,000. Karageorgewitch's figures are apt to be erroneous, even when printed in words. At the sarcophagus of Akbar, where ninety-nine names of Allah set forth his perfections, he comes cranking in and cuts them down to *nineteen*. Hotspur was calm compared to a Moslem when he sees fourscore beads thus snatched away from his rosary. Again, the year 317 given as the date of placing the iron pillar (in Khountab?) has no authority in any calendar. The meagre list of places visited often leads to those merely glanced at in passing, and makes no amends for the utter lack of both index and table of contents. The name Palitana, however, heads twenty charming pages. But where is Palitana? All we are told of its whereabouts is that "the carriage of the Rajah awaited him at Songad" (p. 64). *Obscurum per obscurius*.

Our pilgrim's itinerary was erratic, his routes not indicated, and his halts often at places of no importance. Hence, the lack of a sketch-map is inexcusable, and makes his going to and fro a mighty maze in a *terra incognita* to readers who, while ever learning, are never able to come to the knowledge of geography. A glossary of Oriental terms not yet Anglicized, nor always explained, or, if so, forgotten by readers, ought to have been furnished. It would be in keeping with the title-page interpretation of Bojidar, which to most readers is no more Greek than a hundred other words.

After all, these drawbacks detract little from the charm or the value of 'Enchanted India.' The author's abjuring everything pictorial ought to prevent our looking for

detailed descriptions of architectural marvels, which he has in no case attempted. These things, which make up the warp and woof of most Indian books, are only the dead frames which he has filled and animated with pictures of Indian life.

As a prince—not an English but a Slav prince, yet with friends in the Indian army—he was accorded certain inside views from which many are excluded. Certain other secrets and side-lights were his prizes, thanks to his adroitness and alertness. One class of notes bring to view a strange likeness to customs in other continents, yet with a local difference. Of this sort are pilgrimages to holy hills, with wayside stations like Catholic Calvarys; holy footprints in rocks; holy cairns growing pebble by pebble; statues of camels between whose forelegs was the gate of heaven, too narrow a needle's eye for most. More peculiar to the region were others, as in regard to elephants, the steeds of many an Eastern god. Some were stamped with badges of consecration or painted in loud colors. The Prince witnessed no such elephant fights as the elder Kipling describes in 'Beast and Man,' but did see castle gates set, like hatchels, with long spikes to safeguard them from war-elephants battering them down. In temples these leviathans were utilized as water-bearers, or, as they walked among worshippers, swung their trunks like contribution-boxes for an offertory. Our author was most surprised, as the present writer has been, to see those highest born of earth upheave their vastness in the streets of a city, especially in Jeypore, where they strolled, to appearance, as much at large as the dogs, and were no more wondered at. He was a spectator at a child-wedding—the groom of eight years and the bride five; but had more interest in maturer Parsees who, during the ceremony, were pelted by the priest with rice, and who, at its close, when the sheet which had separated them was snatched away, pelted each other. At one funeral the leader of the procession bore a brazier of burning coals, and the mourners who followed carried each a billet of wood for the cremating pyre. Every forehead showed the initial of a god in red or white or consecrated cowdung. Each house told by blood-red spots on its wall how many plague victims there had been within. The plague diversified the tourist's experience. He had no words of wonder at Bombay for the railway station, as then the grandest in the world, but thrills us with his there watching frantic crowds with money held aloft, fighting for transportation in congested trains on one of which eight were to die in a single night of passage and flight. Well-appointed hospitals, to his astonishment, he found far from full, since the sick would rather die at home than break caste. A hut near by of bamboo and matting showed him Hindus dying isolated lest they be defiled; and, being himself mistaken for a doctor, he was called in to the couch of a Parsee in *extremis*. In famine camps, also, he faced horrors as shocking as those chronicled by Merewether, whose journey through the hunger-bitten lands we have so lately reviewed.

Not only as non-English, but as a Russian from whom vague hopes of deliverance are strangely cherished, Karageorgevitch had the more hearty welcome from aborigi-

nals, high and low. Nationality may account in part for courtesies and confidences lavished upon him by native princes. "One of them," he says, "deposed from power, as I rose to take my leave, cast a glance of deep melancholy, and seemed to awake from a dream" (p. 84). In one utmost corner, where a fakir, with a face of superhuman beauty, had asked if the medal he wore was his Kali, he said: "No. Kali is cruel, bloodthirsty, etc." He was interrupted by the retort: "Your medal is the Mother of Christ. You are a stranger, and cannot know all the mischief they do us in the name of her Son" (p. 244). From first to last, however, the foreigner abstains from detailing either his own or native views and feelings concerning the British rule. Having broken bread with the British as a familiar friend, he would not lift up his heel against them.

While not beneath the highest, he was not above gleaning from the lowest. Among the folk-lore he thus garnered when a sudden mist had hid a high mountain, was a proverbial saying that "The Apsaras [handmaids of Indra, and their name is curtailed by our author from its fair proportions, which are Apsarasas] wear impenetrable veils, that mortals may not gaze too long on the throne of the gods." And this was said of Benares: "If India only had three such cities, it would be impossible to leave it." His words about that holy city are not many, but they touch its salient points—the legions swarming down the mile-broad stairs from continuous temples and minarets into the river of paradise; the burning of the dead; the baths of the living, and their filling shining vases with the water of life, partly among the submerged pillars and arches of a palace that was once shaken down into the stream by an earthquake, but remains in ruinous perfection. Here he learned that a single hair cast upon the waters washes away a sin—meaning, it may be, no matter how small the sacrifice, if it comes from the heart.

Karageorgevitch saw the more of unaltered Orientalism because he adventured into unbeaten paths. He forced his way to the furthest military outposts at the Khyber Pass, where he beheld the departure of the first caravan that was allowed to go through that gate after a three months' embargo. His account of the procession (p. 247)—an endless array of elephants, camels, a thousand in one body," asses, horses, soldiers, women as porters—cannot be forgotten. It was serious business, and yet seemed a parade for show. In this quarter and under surveillance he made full proof of the special permit which unlocked to him this fastness. Far north he was caught by the police transgressing the utmost limits which hemmed him in. In this Ultima Thule of Cashmere, he fancied that all shawls must be genuine, but, seeing men all day long trampling in vats, he ascertained that they were stamping and treading old shawls, thus fulling them so as to take off the shiny traces of wear, with a view to sell them again as new goods. This vamping was styled "export business." Shop-keepers with whom he dealt called in Nautch girls to dance, before him, and then sent a drummer beating a tom-tom of asses' hide to escort him home. Occidentals send out drummers before bargains.

Karageorgevitch as a painter (his very name, son of Black George, importing, color), ought to stand high. He hangs

a jewel on every grass-blade. His grains of rice "are threaded like semi-transparent beads on the flexible pale-green stem." The five hundred temples of Benares "are ochre-colored stone toned in places by a coating of reddish purple, faded by the sun and rain to pale flesh-color, with an undertone of the yellow wall, and this takes on a glow of ruby and sunset fires in the water ripple, reflected," etc. (p. 155). Again, concerning the dayspring on the "top of the world" (p. 151): "Far away, above a wall of gray cloud, the dull dingy gray of dirty cotton wool, a speck showed as a beacon of lilac light of the hue and form of a cyclamen flower; this turned to rose, to brick-red, to warm gold-color, fading into silver; and then again the blue sky showed immediately white." Our quotations are of the briefest. Photography is now becoming polychrome. Let it approve its power to reproduce the changeful iridescence of Enchanted India, and it will be blazoned abroad as the crowning miracle of our century.

The Life of William Morris. By J. W. Mackail. Longmans, Green & Co. 1899.

The one serious fault we have to find with Mr. Mackail's *Life of Morris* is a fault rather of the publishers than of the author; it concerns the illustration of the book. There are twenty-two plates scattered through the two handsome volumes. Four of these are portraits of Morris at different ages, and one is a portrait of the lady who became his wife; one is a reproduction of almost the only finished painting that Morris produced, while the other sixteen are excellent outline drawings by Mr. E. H. New of the various houses associated with Morris and his work. The portraits are of course illustration of the best kind for a biography, and one regrets only that that of Mrs. Morris should be from a drawing by Rossetti, which, however beautiful, is unconvincing as a likeness. The reproduction of the picture of "Queen Guinevere" is also most welcome, and even the sixteen drawings by Mr. New are not superfluous. It is only when one reflects upon what is omitted that one becomes somewhat impatient with the inclusions. Except for a slight sketch on the title-page, and the ornament on the back of the cover, there is nothing whatever in these volumes to give any idea, otherwise than through the poor medium of verbal description, of the work in the decorative arts to which so vast a part of Morris's time and energy was devoted. In the life of a poet there is sure to be some quotation from his verse; even when that verse is in the hands of every one in cheap editions. In these very volumes there are quotations from Morris's best-known works, as well as whole poems hitherto unpublished. His poetical work cannot be judged from them, but it may at least be sampled. Of the merit of his artistic work we are given no means of judging, and we cannot go to his published works for what his 'Life' does not give us. Not every one can own, or even see, Morris rugs, Morris tapestries, or Morris glass in the original.

It may be said that the merit of his work is so largely due to his handling of color that any kind of black-and-white reproduction of it would be unfair to it and to him. The same thing might be said of Titian, but would hardly excuse a life of that artist illustrated by everything else than repro-

ductions of his pictures. But even this excuse fails with regard to one great part of Morris's work: In his later years his artistic activity was devoted almost entirely to the art of printing. He designed his own type, and we are told much about his chosen models and the alterations he made in them, as well as about his ideas about the spacing of the page, etc. Yet we are given not only no specimen page, but not so much as a specimen letter. For those to whom the costly original products of the Kelmscott Press are inaccessible, the character and style of Morris's work in an art to which he devoted years of effort are entirely unguessable. Nothing in the way of illustration could have been cheaper, it would seem, than a bit of specimen type printed with the rest of the book, yet it would have been worth more for the comprehension of the man and artist than all the illustrations actually given us together.

This defect of the book before us is the more worth dwelling upon because, of the triple personality of William Morris—poet, artist, craftsman, and Socialist—it is, as it seems to us, the artist in him that was most important and most influential. The Socialist accomplished nothing whatever, and gradually ceased to try to accomplish anything; the poet left a few volumes of charming verse and prose; but it can hardly be contended that his rank or his influence is of the first order. For most of us he remains "the idle singer of an empty day." But the craftsman a *fait école*. The whole of the minor and decorative art of England to-day is profoundly tinged with his influence, even if it may not be said to owe its existence to him. It is Morris the artist that it most behooves us to know, and it is, therefore, a matter of serious regret that this life of him gives us so little aid to that knowledge.

If the 'Life of William Morris' has one great fault, it has also one distinguished merit. In these days of calculated indiscretion it is refreshing to read a biography which is entirely free from anything approaching to scandal, or even to gossip. The book is written throughout with dignity and reticence, giving all the facts which it can be of any importance for the public to know, and revealing nothing which is useless or impertinent. We do not believe that there was anything in the life of Morris which it was necessary to conceal, but there must be in any life things it is unnecessary to tell, and it is not every biographer or autobiographer that understands the beauty of continence. The book is not illuminative or fascinating—it is far from a work of genius—but it is eminently decent.

The pre-Raphaelite movement, which began with the aim of revolutionizing painting by the literal and exact study of nature, ended in the creation of a decorative convention. Two friends, Edward Burne-Jones and William Morris, are the central figures in the history of this later form of pre-Raphaelitism. They were students at Oxford together, and, with others, members of a sort of Brotherhood which seems to have had vague aims in the direction of doing good and reforming the world, and the loosest of organization. Morris was young, handsome, enthusiastic, and wealthy, and took a kind of leadership among his fellows. Both he and Jones were intended for the church, but gradually became more interested in art and letters than in any-

thing else. Morris was one of the principal supporters, with purse and pen, of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, a kind of sequel to the *Germ*, and even Jones wrote for it. Finally, Morris determined to become an architect, and Jones a painter; but the same influence, that of Rossetti, which had made a painter of Jones, made one, temporarily, of Morris also. At this time, about 1856, the original Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was practically broken up. Millais had joined the Academy, and Hunt was little in England. Pre-Raphaelitism was, in its origin, a mingling of the sentimental mediævalism of Rossetti with the intense naturalism of Holman Hunt. It was Rossetti alone who influenced Morris and Jones to any appreciable extent, and mediævalism became the dominating element in the newer pre-Raphaelitism. Burne-Jones became more and more primitive in his style, until he reached an almost Byzantine and hieratic manner, while Morris devoted himself to the reintroduction of mediæval methods in dyeing, weaving, printing, and the design of furniture. Ornamental art and handicraft were at a low ebb in England, and the æsthetic movement of which these two were the heads, accomplished great good. The affectations which led to Morris's antique vocabulary and Gothic type, and to Burne-Jones's rigid draperies, will probably die away, but it is to be hoped that the renewed vitality of the minor arts and crafts, which Morris was so largely instrumental in creating, will remain.

It cannot be said that Mr. Mackail succeeds in making clear the steps by which this prince of æsthetes and worshipper of the thirteenth century became a militant Socialist and revolutionary. The reasons why his socialism ceased to be militant are, on the other hand, made clear enough. Anything more futile and humiliating than the series of squabbles and secessions of which the history makes up a large part of volume II., it would be hard to imagine. At the end of them Morris becomes again the artist, the collector, the man of letters, and the craftsman that he was by nature; and the achievements of the Kelmscott Press, in which enterprise his various aptitudes found a congenial field for their exercise, fitly crown his career.

The Story of the People of England in the Nineteenth Century. By Justin McCarthy. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899.

The volumes of the "Story of the Nations" series, while maintaining a uniform size and price, seem to vary appreciably in bulk. For instance, Henry Bradley's 'Goths' was 370 pages in length, M. Lebon's 'Modern France,' 470, and now Mr. McCarthy's 'England in the Nineteenth Century,' by a resort to thick paper, bulks more in appearance; yet the total contents by no means exceed what one ordinarily gets in a single octavo. Perhaps an explanation of the disparity may be found in the fact that the services of some authors bring a higher price than those of others.

We comment upon this feature of a well-known series for the purpose of showing that Mr. McCarthy's present contribution to English history is on quite a different scale from the performance with which his name as a man of letters is generally connected. He is now writing an essay on certain aspects of English life during

the past hundred years, and when he uses statements of detail it is not for a didactic purpose, but to illustrate some generalization which he has in view. Inasmuch as the first thirty-five years of the century receive a whole volume, while the section following 1853 is allotted but two chapters of fifty-five pages altogether, it is clear that Mr. McCarthy has not fulfilled the promise of his title-page to deal with "the people of England." Volume one has absolutely nothing which can be brought within the range of *Kulturgeschichte* pure and simple. Reference is made to the economic discontent which prevailed throughout many sections of the country after Waterloo; and again, towards the close, the philanthropic legislation of Lord Ashley is noticed. Otherwise, the history is strictly political, and in order to invest the phrase "people of England" with meaning, we must assume that Mr. McCarthy's purpose is to write of England under popular government.

As a manual of the recent history of England, this book would not answer, for its topics are few, but as an essay it is very valuable. Mr. McCarthy, without laboring over his style, has the knack of catching one's attention and of holding it while he deftly runs through the considerations which he desires to present. There is a pleasant freedom about his manner, and his setting forth of political ideas is done in a practical, impressive way. The frequent recurrence of phrases like, "Some of us can even recall a recollection of the man himself," "Some of us had the honor of his personal acquaintance," "Some of us can well remember Lord John Russell during his later years in the House of Commons," brings to mind the author's own part in political life and his first-hand familiarity with politics. Mr. McCarthy is, of course, a lover of progress and reform, but he maintains a fair tone towards opponents, the dyed-in-the-wool Tory, perhaps, excepted. The attitude of such a man, for example, as Sir Robert Inglis he cannot understand or even regard patiently. On the other hand, his tone towards intelligent Conservatives like Canning and Peel is not merely unprejudiced, but often sympathetic.

We have said that Mr. McCarthy narrows his survey to a few subjects, and the result is an adequate discussion of the chief aspects which public progress in England assumed during the opening generation of the century. A clear and full exposition of salient points is the keynote of the method pursued. Leaving out the character sketches of George III. and George IV., we find the following few though important elements: Government during the Napoleonic wars, the discontent which succeeded the peace, Canning's foreign policy, Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, the extinction of negro slavery, and the various acts which were passed soon after the Reform Bill to protect the laboring classes. To our mind the best portion of the book is the long account and defence of Canning's foreign policy, with its principle of non-intervention where purely Continental affairs are concerned. Mr. McCarthy marks the permanence of the Canning tradition at the Foreign Office and its beneficent results.

Another interesting matter springs out of the chapters on the Reform Bill. One

of Peel's strongest arguments against the measure was that, in view of the July Revolution, the Whigs acted unpatriotically in opening a burning question when they did. The question arises: Did England approach a revolutionary crisis during the months when the issue of the bill hung in the balance, or, more precisely, when the King demurred to the creation of new peers? The ordinary opinion is that English common sense would have prevented a violent outbreak. Mr. McCarthy, on the contrary, thinks that the country verged dangerously close upon trouble in 1832.

"It came out, during the course of a great political trial some sixteen years afterwards, that a correspondence had been opened, undoubtedly under the sanction of some of the great reformers, with Sir Charles Napier, the famous soldier, for the purpose of endeavoring to secure beforehand the cooperation of the army, should the worst come to the worst. It is not too much to say that for some time England was trembling on the very verge of a revolution."

Although the first volume is very readable and will not detract from Mr. McCarthy's reputation, it bears traces of hasty composition. We have found whole pages together which might have been rapidly dictated to a stenographer, and occasionally a looseness of statement is observable about matters which the writer must know by heart. Thus, p. 4, he says that when Napoleon's overtures for peace after the *coup d'état* of Brumaire had been rejected, "the war broke out again with something like redoubled passion, and until the fall of Napoleon at Waterloo it knew no check or stay." Here the Peace of Amiens is forgotten. P. 25, "The Rhenish provinces were bestowed on Prussia after Waterloo—a rich gift, not, it must be owned, altogether unwisely bestowed." But the Rhenish provinces were not considered a rich gift in 1815. Later, in the same page, a misleading impression of the Belgian Revolution is conveyed by the words, "Holland and Belgium were enabled to effect the separation mainly by the help of France, and each set up as a kingdom for itself." P. 207, the battle of Waterloo was fought on the 18th, not on the 15th, of June. P. 240 *et seq.*; in the account of the anti-slavery movement no word is said of Clarkson, and Mr. McCarthy lays it down that before the Reform Bill had put the Legislature in touch with the nation, Parliament would take no action in the direction of abolition. We must also note the extreme paucity of dates and the unmeaning uniformity of head-lines. However, Mr. McCarthy knows the secret of composing a vivacious history; and he has profited by it here.

Du Dahomé au Sahara. La Nature et l'Homme. Par Commandant G. J. Toutée. Paris: A. Colin & Cie. 1899. Map. Pp. xii, 272, 16mo.

Commandant Toutée published a popular account of his expedition through Dahomey and up the middle Niger to the desert on his return four years ago. This work is a report to the Minister of Public Instruction of his observations on the natural history of the regions traversed and the people, their methods of agriculture and warfare, their habitations, usages, and political and social life. It is far, however, from being a mere official record of dry facts, but is a well-written, interesting account of what an intelligent traveller has learned on these

subjects, and contains many picturesque descriptions of noteworthy scenes and incidents. Its general trustworthiness is confirmed by the author's frequently repeated caution that, being constantly on the march, he had neither the time nor the opportunity for scientific and exhaustive inquiry, and accordingly offers simply a record of what he actually saw or heard.

The impressions which he gained of the people are more favorable than those of many other travellers in the same part of Africa. He found no pure savages among the various races who inhabit the fertile belt between the Sahara and the Gulf of Guinea, but a conglomerate of industrious and comparatively intelligent people, capable, under proper conditions, of reaching a high stage of civilization. He absolutely denies the truth of the prevailing impression that the native is unwilling to work, but insists on the fact that labor is as much of a necessity to sustain life here as in a temperate clime. He asserts, indeed, that the work is not infrequently of as high a grade as that of the white man. The culture of the yam, for instance, he says, "would excite the admiration of our most exacting farmers. Neither the beet in the north, nor the vine in the environs of Béziers, nor asparagus at Argenteuil receives as much care as the yam at Kitchi and at Cayoman." The women of the Peuhles, again, are accomplished dairymaids, and in no part of France are fresh milk, cheese, and butter better prepared than on the banks of the Niger. The people, in their families, resembled the peasants and working classes of the author's own country, and the morality of the women was as high as it is in rural France. The Baribas treat their women as equals, "consulting them on all occasions and even on state affairs." To the women of the Touaregs, a white Mohammedan race, "instruction is given as to the men. Many of them not only know how to read and write Arabic, but they know all that can be taught in the Arabic literature—that is to say, the Koran and its traditions." Considerable space is given to a description of the modes of government prevailing among the five principal races, which may be said in general to have much resemblance to a feudal system—in some instances the village people electing their chief, and the chiefs choosing one among them to be the king; in others the kingship being hereditary. Treating of their methods of warfare, M. Toutée expresses his conviction that the native armed with his own weapons, bows and arrows and spears, is a far more dangerous opponent than when he has fire-arms. Accordingly, he regards the prohibition of the sale of fire-arms to them as of doubtful utility.

His observations upon and experiences with animal life differ equally from those of many earlier travellers. With the exception of a single panther met with while hunting, he did not encounter a single beast of prey. The hippopotami were numerous in the Niger, but never dangerous except when attacked or when curiosity brought them near the boat. From some accounts, we had been led to believe that the crocodile was a constant source of danger to the voyager; but M. Toutée saw only a few, at a distance, and was never disturbed by them while bathing or encamped on the shore. Of venomous snakes he says: "Will it be believed that I came upon only one in going from

Dahomey to the Niger? Yet I walked on foot for fifty days at the head of my column on a path bordered by high grass." In a closing chapter he gives some suggestions, with especial reference to his own experience, in regard to the preservation of the health of the white traveller or resident in the tropics.

There are some woodcuts illustrating methods of building habitations, and the principal agricultural implements; an excellent index; and a map.

Figure e Figurine del Secolo che muore. Con notizie inedite d'Archivi Segreti. Da Raffaello Barbiera. Milan: Fratelli Treves. 1899.

Four or five years ago Sig. Barbiera published a book describing Countess Maffei and the celebrities who frequented her *salon* at Milan for nearly half a century. He belongs to that class of writers who are neither historians nor romancers, but a mixture of both—writers of whom St.-Amand in France is the most noteworthy recent example. They collect the tittle-tattle, scandal, and trivial personal details about historic characters, and set them forth as amusingly as possible; and if they are, like Barbiera and St.-Amand, of the Latin race, they seem to take *Cherchez la femme* as their guiding rule, and occasionally to dwell on matters which an Anglo-Saxon nowadays would avoid in print.

Were gossip their only product, they would deserve no serious criticism; but sometimes, as is the case with Sig. Barbiera's book, sprinkled through the gossip are hints and facts of real value to the historian. Who, indeed, can draw the line where *chronique scandaleuse* ends and history begins? Much pertaining to Napoleon's private life was highly scandalous, yet it is quite as important to know this, if you would understand the springs of many of his public acts, as to know all his dispatches by heart. And in fact, Sig. Barbiera opens his book with some account of Napoleon's life in Milan during the campaigns of 1796 and 1800, and of his semi-barbarous, vulgar sisters. More interesting, because more novel, is the next sketch, in which Stendhal figures as the hero. Stendhal spent many years in Milan, and was so attached to the city that he composed this epitaph for himself: "Henry Beyle—Milanese—Lived, Loved, Wrote—This Soul—Adored Cimarosa, Mozart, and Shakespeare." How typical of the multifarious Stendhal is this trinity of "adorations"! Who adores Cimarosa now? Would Stendhal to-day put Mozart in his list? Sig. Barbiera devotes most of his attention to Stendhal's passion for the beautiful Milanese, Mathilde Dembowsky, and to his difficulties with the Austrian police.

In general, those portions of the book which are drawn from the archives of the Austrian police have most value to the historian; although it cannot be said that any of the disclosures are unexpected. They show the pettiness to which a government sinks when it stoops to censorship, eavesdropping, and sequestrations. Metternich's disciples at Milan kept track, as they thought, of the minutest affairs of every inhabitant; and yet it was not their vigilance, but the accidental indiscretion of Pallavicino, which revealed the plot of 1821, and led to the ferocious persecution which roused the indignation of Europe. Sig. Barbiera tells

again the story of Confalonieri's arrest, trial, and condemnation, and implies that the Count was not so amiable as he is usually pictured; but no detractor has hinted that Confalonieri departed from dignity during his fifteen years of immense suffering.

Having terrified the Milanese by stern repression, the Austrians adopted the policy of encouraging all kinds of enervating dissipation. One of their favorite methods was to subsidize the Scala Theatre and to maintain there the most famous ballet in Europe. The habitués of La Scala would not be likely, they thought, to engage in the more serious business of conspiracy. Signor Barbiera describes at length the reign of the ballet-dancers—of Cerrito, Taglioni, and the incomparable Fanny Elssler—whose triumphs have become legendary. The story is not wholly edifying, but it gives with sufficient exactness one of the nineteenth-century phases which had a bearing, however slight, on history. A considerable number of the Milanese dancers married into high life, and one, at least, who was the mother of Count Zichy's children, had a real influence on a dramatic crisis, if it be true, as Signor Barbiera states, that it was the threat to massacre her and her children which led Zichy to surrender Venice without a blow to the insurgents in March, 1848. Only a few weeks earlier Metternich had dispatched Fanny Elssler from Vienna to Milan, in the hope that her return might divert the Milanese once more from politics; but she danced in vain; the Milanese were cold, and the "divine" Fanny quitted their city, crestfallen, only a short time before the great uprising. Is it not possible, by the way, to establish once for all the truth or falsehood of the old gossip, here revived, that Fanny Elssler hastened the death of the Duke of Reichstadt?

Signor Barbiera devotes nearly twenty pages to Leopardi's sojourn in Milan, whither he went at the invitation of the publisher Stella to bring out a new edition of the Latin classics. The account is necessarily meagre, for Leopardi stayed only a few weeks, and Signor Barbiera has discovered nothing new of importance. He writes more fluently again when he takes up the story of the conspirators of Young Italy—especially of Count Rosales, one of the promoters of the seriocomic invasion of Savoy in 1834, and of Giuditta Sdoli, Mazzini's heroic coadjutress, and the only woman whom he seems to have loved. One wishes that Signor Barbiera, in describing her relations with Mazzini, had dropped his florid style and used the simple speech of facts. All that concerns Mazzini's political life has been so often written about that the time has come for recording whatever may throw light on his private and personal character, which shines the more the more it is revealed.

There are half-a-dozen other papers, on Bazzoni, Amari, Luigi Dottesio, and Giuseppina Perlasca, Duke Sigismondo Castromediano, Massimo d'Azeglio at his villa on Lake Maggiore, and on Verdi and Giuseppina Strepponi, the singer who became his wife. They have the same qualities as their predecessors; and they all help, even by their defects, to illustrate the social and political life to which they refer. We tire of hearing that the women were nearly all irresistibly beautiful, and the men generally heartless lady-killers; but, notwithstanding, the book has more than a modicum of historical value, and it is usually entertaining.

Mathematical Essays and Recreations. By Hermann Schubert. Translated by Thomas J. McCormack. Chicago: The Open Court Co.

The Study and Difficulties of Mathematics. By Augustus De Morgan. Chicago: The Open Court Co.

Prof. Schubert's reputation will not be enhanced by his 'Mathematical Essays.' His essay on circle-squaring, with its ungainly German style, has to compete with the 'Budget of Paradoxes.' It contains nothing more except ancient quadratures noticed in every recent history of mathematics, Lindemann's demonstration of the impossibility of the geometrical problem, which is far better treated in Klein's 'Problems of Elementary Geometry' (Ginn & Co.), and one vague notice of a Hamburg crank. An essay on the mathematically uninteresting subject of magic squares might easily have been compiled from President Barnard's old book on the subject. A paper on the fourth dimension is interesting only where it touches on the other world, where it ceases to be mathematical. Two chapters on number are commonplace and inferior. A discussion of the nature of mathematical reasoning seeks to carry us back to the ideas of the last century. It concludes with this remark:

"Mathematical knowledge, aristocratic as it may appear by the greater certainty of its results, will, so far as the advancement of human kind is concerned, never be more than a useless mass of self-evident truths, unless it constantly places itself in the service of the other sciences."

This condemns the great body of recent mathematics; but it is sufficiently refuted by Prof. Schubert's own chief contribution to mathematics, which in no way considers the desiderata of other sciences, but is crowded with such propositions as this: "The number of surfaces of the second degree touching any nine given surfaces of the second degree is 666,841,088." These are certainly not "self-evident truths."

De Morgan's book is one we are glad to see again. Though it was never a work of any moment, it might, especially when it was first printed in 1836, be useful to those whom all mathematics puzzle. Since that time, mathematics has been revolutionized, above all in its philosophical aspect, and nobody did more to refute some of the logical notions here put forth than De Morgan himself. The portrait of the author is a likeness, though a very wooden one, altogether inferior to the photograph in his widow's memoir of him.

These two books are the second and third volumes of an easy mathematical series of publications, of which Lagrange's 'Lectures on Elementary Mathematics' formed the first. The undertaking is commendable. We suggest that the editor would do well to have somebody at his elbow to prevent his speaking of Schubert as mainly distinguished as the author of a school arithmetic, or of De Morgan as a man to be compared with Huxley and Tyndall, but far higher than either of those two as an investigator of his science. The publishers should also understand that mathematics has been and is still advancing quite as rapidly as chemistry, and that an old survey of mathematics is of as little use, except historically, as an old text-book of chemistry. It does not need a Lagrange to write an introduction to elementary mathematics.

A paper-weight will fulfil its function no whit the better for having been broken off the Great Pyramid. What is required is a sound, all-round understanding of the drift of modern mathematics, especially in its philosophical and logical aspects. There are many men and women in the country who could write much better books for modern beginners in mathematics than either Lagrange or De Morgan, or any other of the great men of the past.

Naturalism and Agnosticism. [The Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Aberdeen in the years 1896-'8.] By James Ward, Sc.D. London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. 1899. 2 vols., pp. 302, 294.

When Mr. Balfour, a few years ago, assaulted in debate, under the name of Naturalism, the modern views which have evolved out of and supplanted the old Materialism, many of his professional critics hastened to object that the system which he attacked was a creature of his imagination, and that, even if there were a consistent body of such doctrine, the name itself of Naturalism was badly chosen. But now we have Dr. Ward, a professional if ever there was one able to speak with the authority of the schools, endorsing Mr. Balfour's terminology, and selecting the same name to designate the mistaken tendency in modern scientific thought of which he gives in these volumes so careful an analysis. For the Cambridge professor examines with admirable lucidity the three chief forms in which Naturalism commonly occurs, in the mechanical theory, the theory of evolution, and the theory of psychical "epiphenomena," and shows how in each of these cases the root-error of Naturalism recurs, arising from the natural tendency to take as ultimate truths about the reality of things what are only methodological assumptions, made by a special science in pursuance of its proper object of systematizing a certain aspect of experience. He traces with untiring patience the details of the process whereby the theories of evolution and psychophysical parallelism (as naturalistically interpreted) connect themselves with and merge into the mechanical theory, forming an imposing system of Naturalism which pretends to formulate all things in terms of matter (or, perhaps, some still more shadowy "non-matter") and motion, and for which the conceptions of freedom, activity, causation, consciousness, purpose, and value have become otiose and unmeaning.

Dr. Ward goes on to show that the naturalistic view of the world is not self-sufficient. It had set out from the dualistic assumption, a *caput mortuum* of the "two-substance" metaphysic of Descartes, that mind and matter were alien and different in kind. In this dualism it could not hold the balance even, but was forced by its method to assign the primacy to matter, as being alone scientifically calculable and measurable, and to treat mental phenomena as the "epiphenomena" of an automaton which had, inexplicably, grown conscious—thereby relapsing into practical materialism. It had subsequently realized that matter in itself was unknown and unknowable. Hence it had struck up an unnatural and ill-assorted alliance with an Agnosticism which betrays it into the hands either of scepticism or of a spiritualistic and ideal-

istic monism. The latter of these, Dr. Ward holds, is seen to be inevitable as soon as we approach the constructions of naturalism with the epistemological question first mooted by Kant, viz.: How do you know all this? It then appears that experience is one whole, a process which plays between the correlative and complementary poles of subject and object, which cannot be decomposed into dissimilars like the "mind" and "matter" of dualism nor recomposed by their conjunction. And in the interpretation of this experience, the mechanical view, which Naturalism sought to exalt into the sole substance of knowledge, turns out to be but a means, of a very human and anthropomorphic character, and a tributary and satellite of the teleological method which it is supposed to have excluded and superseded. For the mechanical explanation also is a response to a human demand; it is constituted by postulates, and ministers to the desire for measurement and mathematical calculation. If and in so far as this purpose is deemed worthy of being the sole end of human life, the mechanical explanation will satisfy us, and Naturalism will appear valid; while in proportion as it is held that mechanics exist for man and not man for mechanics, it will sink into subordination as one of the humblest of the methods whereby we exhibit the rationality of our experience.

The above paraphrase of Dr. Ward's closely reasoned argument may perhaps give some idea of its outspokenness and timeliness, but it necessarily fails to do justice to the care with which the steps of the argument are brought out, and to the firmness of the logical texture which distinguishes it. The author's general position is, of course, traditional enough among philosophers, and in his special emphasis on the teleological and practical nature of all intellectual activity also he has not infrequently been anticipated, most notably and brilliantly by Prof. James. Still, it is a good sign to have one more thinker adhering to a tendency probably indicative of the direction in which philosophy will advance more and more resolutely in the future. Philosophic idealism, too, has but rarely come to such close quarters with its foes, being generally content to criticise from afar; while not a little courage was required to venture upon so searching an examination, resulting in so decisive a condemnation of a shibboleth so fashionable as the doctrine of psychophysical parallelism is among psychologists. The philosophers pure and simple have hesitated to criticise a doctrine any disparagement of which was deemed as the mark of the unscientific beast. The mere psychologists have resented any doubt about the absolute validity of their method as impairing its usefulness; and though they realized the inadequacy of the view of life to which their abstractions led, they glaringly illustrated their misapprehension of the nature of their methodological assumptions by proposing impossible compromises, which only produced an incurable antagonism between life and science.

On the literary side, Dr. Ward has successfully retained the lecture form in which his remarks were originally delivered. This necessitates a certain amount of repetition, summarization, and recapitulation, which, however, is too helpful not to be readily pardoned by the reader. His style

is simple and forcible and his criticisms are incisive and caustic; Mr. Spencer in particular coming in for some very severe treatment. An index, and the careful analysis of the argument, which precedes each lecture and is reprinted in the Table of Contents, form most commendable features, worthy of all imitation.

Cromwell as a Soldier. By Lieut.-Col. T. S. Baldock, P.S.C., Royal Artillery. [Wolsley Series, Volume V.] Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo, pp. 538, with maps.

It was a happy thought to separate the military career of Cromwell from his political life and his character as a Puritan leader. As he is recognized as one of the great soldiers of history, who made his place by the force of genius after he reached middle age, without military experience or education, an English series of military works would not have been complete without such a memoir. Col. Baldock has done his work well, analyzing with care the qualities which assured Cromwell's success as a soldier, pointing out the positive improvements in the military art of the day by which he proved his originality and clear insight into the problems before him, and bringing out strongly his courage and force as a leader in battle. Viewed in this way, it does not seem to have been through conscious ambition, but by a natural process, that his generalship, proved by success, carried him to the chief command over the heads of Essex and Fairfax, whose subordinate he had been. His preëminence was won, much as Grant's was in our civil war, by the test of hard-fought campaigns, in which his victories marked him for still higher trusts. We are consciously helped in our estimate of other phases of the Protector's character by getting well fixed in mind that his military fame was the honest result of great military genius, which forced its recognition by rivals as well as by the public.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Adams, Essays in Modernity. John Lane.
Allen, J. G. Topical Studies in American History. Macmillan. 40c.
Bacon, Francis. Essays, Civil and Moral. Cassell. 10c.
Bax, E. B. The Peasants' War in Germany, 1525-1526. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan.
Beard, W. LeC. Sand and Cactus. Scribners. \$1.50.
Boswell, Rev. G. C. The Litchfield Book of Days. Litchfield, Conn.: A. R. Shumway.
Buck, Gertrude. A Course in Argumentative Writing. Henry Holt & Co. 80c.
Burbury, S. H. A Treatise on the Kinetic Theory of Gases. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan.
Carpenter, Prof. G. R. Elements of Rhetoric and English Composition. Macmillan. 60c.
Cavendish, George. The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey. [Temple Classics.] London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. 50.
Channing, Blanche M. Zodiac Stories. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
Chapman, S. J. Local Government and State Aid. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Scribners. \$1.
Child, F. S. The House with Sixty Closets. A Christmas Story. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Clapp, Prof. B. O. Homer's Iliad: Books XIX.-XXIV. Boston: Ginn & Co. \$1.90.
Clemens, W. M. Life of Admiral Dewey. Street & Smith.
Cobb, T. Mr. Passingham. John Lane. \$1.
Corson, Prof. H. Introduction to the Prose and Poetical Works of John Milton. Macmillan. \$1.25.
Crawford, F. M. The Ralstons. Two volumes in one. Macmillan. \$1.
Crook, Dr. J. K. The Mineral Waters of the United States, and their Therapeutic Uses. Philadelphia: Lea Bros. & Co.
Cross, W. L. The Development of the English Novel. Macmillan. \$1.50.
D'Argenteuil, Paul. The Trembling of Borealis. E. T. Neely.
Dana, J. C. A Library Primer. Chicago: Library Bureau. \$1.
Davis, R. H. The Lion and the Unicorn. Scribners. \$1.25.
Drury, Maj. W. P. Bearers of the Burden: Being Stories of Land and Sea. Putnam. \$1.
Dunn, Byron A. On Gen. Thomas's Staff. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.
Eliot, George. Silas Marner. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 40c.
Emerson, Prof. E. Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam. Putnam. \$1.50.
Engelhardt, A. P. A Russian Province of the North. Westminster: A. Constable & Co.; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Gautier, Théophile. One of Cleopatra's Nights, and Other Fantastic Tales. Translated by Laffrado Hearn. Brentanos.
Getman, F. L. The Elements of Blowpipe Analysis. Macmillan.
Goodman, John. Mechanics Applied to Engineering. Longmans, Green & Co.
Grant, Robert. Search-Light Letters. The Art of Living. Scribners. 2 vols. Each \$1.50.
Greenough, J. B., D'Ooge, B. L., and Daniell, M. G. Second Year in Latin. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Grinnell, Morton. An Eclipse of Memory. F. A. Stokes Co.
Haldane, E. S. James Frederick Ferrier. [Famous Scots Series.] Scribners. 75c.
Hamblen, H. E. The Yarn of a Bucko Mate. Scribners. \$1.50.
Hardin, W. L. The Rise and Development of the Liquefaction of Gases. Macmillan. \$1.50.
Hutton, J. When Rogues Fall Out. Lippincott.
Hayward, A. The Art of Dining. London: John Murray; New York: Putnam. \$1.75.
Henty, G. A. No Surrender. Scribners. \$1.50.
Henty, G. A. Won by the Sword. Scribners. \$1.50.
Henty, G. A. A Roving Commission. Scribners. \$1.50.
Hone, R. C. Mediæval Music. London: Elliot Stock; New York: Scribners. \$2.
Howard, Gen. O. O. Henry in the War. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.25.
Hughes, Mrs. Sarah P. Letters and Recollections of John Murray Forbes. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Huret, Jules. Sarah Bernhardt. London: Chapman & Hall; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Hutton, F. W. Darwinism and Lamarckism, Old and New. Putnam. \$1.
Kirk, Robert C. Twelve Months in Klondike. London: Wm. Heineman; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Lefebure, E. Embroidery and Lace. New York: Putnam; London: H. Grevel & Co. \$2.25.
Leighton, Marie C. and Robert. Michael Dred. Detective. London: Grant Richards; New York: Brentanos.
Little Masterpieces. Thackeray, De Quincey, Lamb. Doubleday & McClure Co. Each 30c.
Little, Mrs. A. Intimate China. London: Hutchinson & Co.; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Little, Rev. W. J. K. Sketches and Studies in South Africa. London: Isbister & Co.; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Lynch, Hannah. Toledo: The Story of an Old Spanish Capital. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan.
Massee, George. A Text-Book of Plant Diseases. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Macmillan. \$1.60.
Optic, O., and Stratemyer, E. An Undivided Union. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.
Perry, Bliss. The Powers at Play. Scribners. \$1.25.
Rawnsley, Rev. H. D. Life and Nature at the English Lakes. Glasgow: J. Mac Lehos & Sons; New York: Macmillan. \$2.
Rector, L. E. Montaigne on the Education of Children. Appletons.
Reich, Emil. Hungarian Literature. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.75.
Roark, R. N. Method in Education. American Book Co.
Robbins, Capt. C. H. The Gam: Being a Group of Whaling Stories. New Bedford: H. S. Hutchinson & Co. \$1.50.
Saint-Amand, I. de. France and Italy. Scribners. \$1.50.
Scott, Sir Walter. Waverley Novels. St. Valentine's Day. [Temple Edition.] London: Dent; New York: Scribners. 2 vols. \$1.90.
Scott, Sir Walter. Waverley Novels. Castle Dangerous. [Temple Edition.] London: Dent; New York: Scribners. 80c.
Scott, Sir Walter. Waverley Novels. Fair Maid of Perth. [Temple Edition.] London: Dent; New York: Scribners. 2 vols. \$1.60.
Scott, Sir Walter. Waverley Novels. The Highland Widow. [Temple Edition.] London: Dent; New York: Scribners. 80c.
Skirne, F. H. and Ross, Prof. E. D. The Heart of Asia: A History of Russian Turkestan and the Central Asian Khanates from the Earliest Times. London: Methuen & Co.; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Smith, Prof. W. S. Methods of Knowledge. Macmillan.
Smith, O. J. A Short View of Great Questions. New York: The Brauder Co.
Suter, Prof. W. N. Handbook of Optics for Students of Ophthalmology. Macmillan. \$1.
Taylor, Rev. L. History of the Alphabet. 2 vols. Scribners. \$5.
Ten Brink, Prof. J. Robespierre and The Red Terror. London: Hutchinson & Co.; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
The Bible: Is it the Word of God? Boston: Mass. New-Church Union. 75c.
Thwaites, R. G. The Jesuit Relations. Vols. LI. and LII. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co.
Toudouze, Gustave. Madame Lambelle. New York: Wm. R. Jenkins. 60c.
Underwood, Prof. L. M. Moulds, Mildews, and Mushrooms. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.
Vladimir. Russia on the Pacific and the Siberian Railway. London: Sampson Low & Co.; New York: Scribners. \$5.
Voyages and Travels of Marco Polo. Cassell & Co.
Wager, Prof. C. H. A. The Siege of Troy. Macmillan. \$1.25.
Wells, Prof. Webster. New Higher Algebra. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. \$1.32.
White, Arnold. The Modern Jew. F. A. Stokes Co. \$2.
Winchester, Prof. C. T. Some Principles of Literary Criticism. Macmillan.
Winter, J. S. A Name to Conjure With. Philadelphia: Lippincott. \$1.25.
Wormeley, Katherine P. The Personal Opinions of Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Hardy, Pratt & Co. \$1.50.
Wyeth, Dr. J. A. Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest. Harpers.